

No. 2109.

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By order of the Committee of Council on Education.

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On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, being Students' days, 6d. each person.

By order of the Committee of Council on Education.

**ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.**—The Exhibition of the Royal Academy is now Open. Admission (from Eight till Seven o'clock), 1s.; Catalogues, One Shilling.  
JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.

**ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS TRAFALGAR SQUARE.**  
AT A GENERAL ASSEMBLY of the ROYAL ACADEMICIANS, held on TUESDAY, the 16th inst., FREDERICK RICHARD PICKERSGILL, Esq., was elected an Academician, and GEORGE THOMAS DOO, Esq., an Academician Engraver.  
JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.

**BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.**—The GALLERY with a Collection of PICTURES by ANCIENT MASTERS and deceased BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN daily from Ten to Six. Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.  
GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

**SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.**—The FIFTY-THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now Open at their Gallery, 5, FLEET MALL EAST (close to Trafalgar Square), from Nine till dusk. Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.  
JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

**EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.** Incorporated by Royal Charter. The Thirty-fourth Annual Exhibition of this Society is NOW OPEN from Nine a.m. until dusk. Admission 1s.  
ALFRED CLINT, Honorary Secretary.  
Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

**THE LONDON EXHIBITION of PAINTINGS, &c., of the ROYAL ASSOCIATION for the PROMOTION of the FINE ARTS in SCOTLAND,** for the year ending July 1857, will CONTINUE OPEN at Mr. WALESBY'S GALLERY, 4, Waterloo Place, till SATURDAY, 27th inst.  
Admission on presentation of address card, from 10 to 6 o'clock.

**MADLLE ROSA BONHEUR'S GREAT PICTURE OF THE HORSE FAIR.**  
Messrs. P. and D. COLNAGHI and Co. beg to announce that the above Picture is now on View, from Nine to Six, at the GERMAN GALLERY, 168, New Bond Street, for a limited period.—Admission, One Shilling.

**SURREY ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.**—The FOURTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING will be held on MONDAY, 29th inst. (instead of the 30th as previously advertised), at the DEEPDEN, DORKING, when the Chair will be taken at half-past twelve o'clock precisely, by HENRY THOMAS HOPE, Esq., V.P.

By order of the Council,

GEORGE HISH WEBB, Hon. Sec.  
Council Room, 6, Southampton Street, Strand,  
June 15, 1857.

**ROYAL ASYLUM of ST. ANN'S SOCIETY,** for MAINTAINING, CLOTHING, and EDUCATING CHILDREN of THOSE ONCE IN PROSPERITY, ORPHANS OR NOT.—THE HALF-YEARLY ELECTION will take place at the LONDON TAVERN, on FRIDAY, 14th August next.

ALL NEW CANDIDATES should be nominated on or before Friday, 26th inst.

Forms may be procured at the Office.  
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The Report adopted at the Meeting of the Promoters on 14th May last, will be sent on application to Mr. Hesketh, 95, Wimpole Street, W.

**A RUNDEL SOCIETY.—PHOTOGRAPHS FROM TINTORETTO.**—"Christ before Pilate," and "Christ bearing the Cross," from the celebrated paintings in the Scuola di San Rocco, at Venice, with Mr. RUSKIN'S description. Photographed expressly for the Society by Mr. RAINFORD. Price to Members, 5s. each; to Strangers, 7s. 6d., with wrapper and letterpress.

24, Old Bond Street, May, 1857.

JOHN NORTON, Sec.

**THE SOCIETY OF ARTS ANNUAL DINNER.** Lord Stanley, M.P., in the Chair, will take place at the CRYSTAL PALACE, SYDENHAM, on TUESDAY, the 23rd June, at SIX o'clock instead of FIVE as originally announced, in order to suit the convenience of those attending Her Majesty's Drawing Room. The Chairman will be supported by the following gentlemen as

VICE CHAIRMEN.—

Colonel Sykes, M.P., F.R.S., Chairman of Council.  
Professor T. L. Donaldson, as representing Art.  
James Caird Esq., M.P. "Agriculture."  
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19th June, 1857. P. LE NEVE POSTER, Secretary.

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The next term will commence on Tuesday, August 4th.

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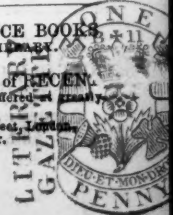
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We have seen neither plan nor measurement of the edifice in contemplation. We only presume that it will be a vast one. The bold and roomy portico promises well for the body of the building. On a deep and broad foundation, it rests its ornate and elaborate mass; solid in material, rich in decoration—more remarkable, however, for extent than regularity, and less symmetrical than roomy. It is the first sample of the workman's craft. The hand, however, that fashions the materials is a cunning, and the quarry whence they are dug a rich, one. We are glad that it is on English ground, and by an English artist, that this Valhalla for the worthies of England is being constructed.

Fourteen chapters spread over nearly 900 pages give us the general Introduction; or, rather, only a part of it. Of the last nine of these little need be said. They are valuable; but they are, evidently, in the author's eyes, at least, the least characteristic part of the work. It is historical; and as a preliminary to a historical work, a notice of the ways in which a certain amount of history has been written finds place. This gives us sketches on the origin of history, the state of historical literature during the middle ages, and the like. But the work is also on England and things English, which introduces an outline of the English intellect from the middle of the sixteenth to the end of the eighteenth century. To this outline we give sharpness and definitude, by drawing a comparison (or contrast) between it and that of France and other countries; which brings in Louis XIV. and the precursors of the French Revolution.

In all this we have so much ordinary history—ordinary history treated with no ordinary skill. The language is clear, English, and forcible; sometimes, when embodying the thoughts of the more advanced thinkers, rising into eloquence. This implies that some of the opinions are what mild men may call extreme. They are, at any rate, those of a minority. The visible decrease of this minority, by no means, subtracts from the manly boldness with which they are expressed. Several expressions will, doubtless, be offensive to some one. Many who would patiently hear religious persecution and war called crimes, will scarcely like them to be treated as blunders and barbarisms—the measures, indeed, of the infancy of that society which the historian of civilization watches towards its adolescence. It will, doubtless, grate on the ears of scholars to hear chemists and botanists put on the level of metrists and grammarians. Yet a wise and witty man like Sydney Smith has observed that the discovery of a neutral salt is as great an achievement of the human intellect as the promulgation of a dogma concerning cretic feet and subjunctive moods. It will, doubtless, ruffle our sentimentalities to hear scepticisms spoken of as a *bonum*, and reverence for antiquity as a *malum*, *per se*. Yet so Mr. Buckle writes; and it will be difficult for any one to show that he writes from his ignorance rather than his knowledge. There are omissions and overstatements, no doubt; but his power of appreciation must

be measured by his volume as a whole. Those who will judge of a house by a brick may study in the twelfth chapter the character of our author's research, in the fifth that of his philosophy.

Of the extent to which mass after mass of learned labour actually bears on the main question we are not inclined to take the writer's opinion. He would persuade the reader, as he has perhaps persuaded himself, that they are part and parcel of his argument. To the critical reader they rather look like so many series of facts and so many trains of reasoning too carefully put together to be thrown away. They may be read, therefore, as we read the episodes in Pindar, without going too minutely into their relations to the main stream of the narrative. Though we cannot say that they are neither rich nor rare, we may still wonder at their presence. The whole volume is episodic; and it is episodic, because it is full of researches that nothing short of episodes could have exhibited. Its history suggests this. It was begun as a work on civilization altogether. It ends as a work on English civilization. Yet, in Volume I., England is like the girl in her ball-dress—the least part of itself. The author had the choice between a greater subject with deficiencies, and a smaller one with redundancies. The reader may thank him for having chosen the second of his alternatives.

Imagine the late Sir William Hamilton to have been the ornament, instead of the reviler, of some professional chair in Oxford, which led him to the study of history. He would have written much in the way of Mr. Buckle—with the same mixture of philosophy and detail, the same lecturience, the same display of it, the same correction of current errors, the same look-out for errors to be corrected, the same reference to all sorts of reputable and demirep authorities, a like ratio of text to note, and a worse temper—for the temper of Mr. Buckle is as that of writers ought to be. We are satisfied that he has made fewer rectifications of current errors and omissions than he claims, though he claims several. We are also satisfied that, though he has brought into his work but slightly relevant questions, he has treated them, when introduced, with as much brevity as is compatible with clearness.

If all this be true, he has the elements of a great historian—a historical philosopher if we will; nevertheless, he is a historian. He calls himself so; and that more than once. At the same time it is doubtful whether it will please him to be called so by others. It is doubtful, inasmuch as this is the way he notices the class:—

"The expectation of discovering regularity in the midst of confusion is so familiar to scientific men, that amongst the most eminent of them it becomes an article of faith; and if the same expectation is not generally found amongst historians, it must be ascribed partly to their being of inferior ability to the investigators of Nature, and partly to the greater complexity of those social phenomena with which their studies are concerned."

"Both these causes have retarded the creation of the science of history. The most celebrated historians are manifestly inferior to the most successful cultivators of physical science; no one having devoted himself to history who is at all to be compared in point of intellect with Kepler, Newton, or many others that might be named."

In a note he adds—

"I speak merely of those who have made history their main pursuit. Bacon wrote on it, but only

as a subordinate object; and it evidently cost him nothing like the thought which he devoted to other subjects."

This brings us to the subjects discussed in the first four chapters; the introduction (so to say) to the introduction; a small part of the whole work, but a characteristic one; one also to which the high praise awarded to the remainder can by no means be extended.

To actuaries, statisticians, sanitary reformers, and a great body of close-thinking men, similarly engaged, the constancy of the occurrence of certain events, apparently accidental, but really (provided a time sufficient for the elimination of disturbing causes be allowed) so regular as to be capable of numerical expression, is now pretty generally known. Such a per centage of men drown themselves; such a per centage misdirect their letters; such a per centage commit murders—this and the like is the knowledge in which masses of able men delight. Quetelet, who has written most perspicuously about it, has been translated into English, and his work is well known. This, however, is only an illustration. There are others who have added to and diffused the phenomena connected with the doctrine of social constants. The reader of Mill's great work can scarcely have failed to notice the prominence he has given to the questions that facts of this kind suggest. Comte has invented the barbarous name Sociology. Of English historians proper, as opposed to philosophers, Sir George Stephens has attacked the doctrine; and if any notable proportion of learned men, really bearing the name of historians, have done the same, the class deserve all that Mr. Buckle can say against them, and a great deal more.

On the question under notice Mr. Buckle writes thus:—

"Whoever wishes to raise history to a level with other branches of knowledge is met by a preliminary obstacle: since he is told that in the affairs of men there is something mysterious and providential, which makes them impervious to our investigations, and which will always hide from us their future course. Are the actions of men, and, therefore, of societies, governed by fixed laws; or are they the result of chance, or of supernatural interference? The discussion of these alternatives will suggest some speculations of considerable interest."

Then follows a notice of the doctrines of free will and necessity, which, though theological and metaphysical, are not out of place, with the conclusion that the positions which, in the present stage of the inquiry, the reader is expected to concede, are the following:—

"That when we perform an action, we perform it in consequence of some motive or motives; that those motives are the result of some antecedents; and that, therefore, if we were acquainted with the whole of the antecedents, and with all the laws of their movements, we could, with unerring certainty, predict the whole of their immediate results."

This gives us, at once, the class to which our author belongs. He would write history as Mill and Comte have argued that it is capable of being written; that is, he would work in the field of social statics and social dynamics, rather than in that of history proper. The third, fourth, and fifth chapters give us his doctrine on this part of his subject.

The first question he asks is, whether the thoughts and desires of men are more influenced by physical phenomena than the physical phenomena by them? Answer: Sometimes the former, sometimes the latter are the stronger. When the latter are the stronger

there is progress. And the latter are the strongest in the end; because they are unlimited and progressive, the powers of Nature being definite. Let the mental laws, then, be studied first. These are either intellectual or moral. *Mutatis mutandis*, what applied to nature and mind, applies here. Our moral notions are definite and stationary; our intellectual movements unlimited and progressive. Hence, the extent to which intellectual truths are discovered and diffused is the measure of our civilization. The fifth chapter, the best, perhaps, in the book, is a caution against overvaluing the effects of religion, literature, and government, as powers to effect anything. They are rather the signs of what has been effected.

Sometimes Mind, sometimes Nature is the stronger. When the one, when the other? The answer to this question is the part of the work to which we most especially object. The author has made it too much a matter of space, too little a matter of time. Out of Europe (he says) the powers of Nature, in Europe the powers of Mind, have predominated:—

"The evidence that I have collected seems to establish two leading facts, which, unless they can be impugned, are the necessary basis of universal history. The first fact is that, in the civilizations out of Europe, the powers of Nature have been far greater than those in Europe. The second fact is, that those powers have worked immense mischief, and that whilst one division of them has caused an unequal distribution of wealth, another division of them has caused an unequal distribution of thought, by concentrated attention upon objects which inflame the imagination. So far as the experience of the past can guide us, we may say, that, in all the extra-European civilizations, these obstacles were inseparable; certainly no nation has yet overcome them. But Europe being constructed on a smaller plan than the other quarters of the world—being also in a colder climate, having a less exuberant soil, a less imposing aspect, and displaying in all her physical phenomena much greater feebleness, it was easier for Man to discard the suggestion which Nature suggested to his imagination; and it was also easier for him to effect, not, indeed, a just division of wealth, but something nearer to it than was practicable in the older countries.

"Hence it is that, looking at the history of the world as a whole, the tendency has been, in Europe, to subordinate Nature to man; out of Europe to subordinate man to Nature."

The evidence of this difference between Europe and non-Europe will be considered in our next notice.

*The Fairy Family: a Series of Ballads and Metrical Tales, Illustrating the Fairy Mythology of Europe.* Longman and Co.

According to Bishop Corbet the fairies took their departure from England under the Protestant dispensation of Queen Elizabeth. It was understood, in what political writers call "well-informed circles," that their brethren in Ireland remained where they were; and bright rings in the grass, and emerald hillocks, within which the good people are supposed to hold their receptions and drawing-rooms, still attest the presence of at least some surviving remnants of the race. In many nooks and corners of the north of England, notwithstanding the authority of the bishop to the contrary, the old faith in the elfin folk is as vivid as ever; horseshoes are still nailed on door-steps and over door-sills (examples may at this moment be seen in London—especially in the quarter of the Seven Dials); churns

are still worked by invisible hands; the Brownie still stretches himself by the winter hearth; slatterns are still tormented in their sleep; and the tidy housemaid still finds sin-pence in her shoe. In the north of Europe, fairy lore, interwoven with the daily life of the people, retains no slight portion of the influence it possessed in the days when it exulted in the shape of a respectable mythology; and in the remote districts of primitive Brittany, beyond the disturbing din of railroads, away in distant fields covered with buck-wheat, and in arid landscapes diversified only by dun heaps of smoky *chaumières*, and scattered stony relics of Druidism, and in the dusky recesses of primeval forests, and upon the howling sea-board, where nameless horrors beset the fishermen in the night time, and in the lonely churchyards and yawning cemeteries, the fairies still hold their own. To this hour the Bretons expect the return of King Arthur, who, after his last unfortunate battle of Camlan, was conveyed by the Lady of the Lake, Morgan-la-Fay, and other gentle spirits, to Fairy Land, where he has lived ever since in a style of luxury which the most magnificent director of the late Royal British Bank would have found it no easy matter to emulate. At their religious celebrations the people still chaunt the solemn ancient refrain, "Non! le roi Arthur n'est pas mort!" and when any public danger menaces the province, the inhabitants still see the traditional king at the head of his chivalry coming to their rescue over the pinacles of the hills in the grey light of the morning.

Very satisfactory evidence could be collected to show that the fairies, if not as potent as ever, are, in some quarters, as real in the high poetical sense. We are sorry, therefore, to find the author of a pleasant book of ballads about fairies promulgating a different doctrine. He assures us that he has not only studied all the well-known writers on fairy lore, such as Grimm, Scott, Thorpe, Keightley, &c., but that in early life he collected a store of oral traditions. Yet, with all this knowledge on the subject, he tells us that "the fairies have departed from the earth, and returned to their own green land"—meaning thereby the island of Avalon, where King Arthur is now living in sapphire palaces with the queen of the unknown waters. We will not open a controversy upon matters which our space prohibits us from discussing with the fulness due to their importance; but we must say that we think our erudite author is wrong, and that, whether right or wrong, we are determined to differ from him. This is frank at all events; and having thus satisfied our consciences on the historical question, we will proceed, without prejudice, as the lawyers say, to lay before our readers a specimen or two of his ballads.

The purpose of the book is good. The fairy laureate who, according to his own creed, is here discharging a sort of posthumous task, prepares a series of metrical tales or ballads, "of a pure moral character," each of which is devoted to one of the principal persons of the fairy family, the whole being designed to illustrate the fairy mythology of Europe. This design fails in the execution. The failure, however, is less in the special treatment of each ballad, than in the want of unity and completeness of the collection as a whole. We miss several aspects of fairydom, which the laureate has either overlooked or omitted; and the absence of connecting links, showing

the relations and inter-dependence between the various parts of the mythology, gives a fragmentary character to the poems. They are, in fact, separate ballads founded upon particular passages of fairy history or doctrine, with short explanatory introductions. Teutonic, Scandinavian, and French traditions are amply exemplified, and there are some, but much less satisfactory, notices of English and Scottish fairies. The Irish fairies are entirely passed over, although some of them, especially Puck, have marked peculiarities which entitle them to honourable record. But the great omission, which will chiefly disappoint the English reader, is that the laureate who sings Trolls, Pixies, and Black Dwarfs, has forgotten Oberon and Titania, and their brilliant court! Does he doubt the legitimacy of their claims? Does he consider Titania a less authentic sovereign than La Dame Abonde? If we had not resolved to avoid polemics, here would be a fine opportunity for pouring out the phials of critical indignation!

The ballads are generally too long for extract entire, and fragments of them would convey only an imperfect notion of their structure, each piece being made to illustrate a particular article of fairy belief through a story of strong human interest. The only available specimen is that entitled *The Neck*, which may be accepted as an average sample of these lays of fairy land. The Neck is a Scandinavian spirit. He frequented the rivers, and lured faithless lovers to their destruction by the fascinating skill with which he played strains of music on the harp. Sometimes he appeared as a little boy in a red cap, at other times as an old man with a flowing beard. In the following legend he is heard, but not seen, the poet artfully showing the effect of his enchantment, without impairing the charm by bringing the enchanter too close:—

#### "THE NECK."

"Alas for the hour Sir Eric came  
To Nina's lowly bower!

A-riding his dappled grey he came—

Alas for the woe! for the hour!

He came from tracking the forest deer,  
In the gladsome spring-side of the year;  
His doublet of green all slashed with gold,  
His cap of green on his brow so bold,  
"Mong his clustering curls of yellow hair,  
Bedecked with feather for forest wear—  
He came to Nina's bower.

"Fair Nina sat in her peaceful bower

When riding by came he;

A-singing, singing she sat in her bower,  
Like wood-lark, merrily.

"Now where may this bird of beauty be?"

He lowly louted at Nina's knee,

He humbled to her his brow so bold,

And softly sighing his tale he told;

He vowed he ever would faithful prove,

And Nina listed his tale of love

Trustfully, proudly.

"How sweet it was to think of his love

As she sat in her bower alone!

To sit in her bower and think of his love

When a-hunting he was gone!

It was little he hunted when love was new,

And swiftly back to her bower he flew,

But ere ever a leaf had changed its hue

Away of Nina's bower he grew;

Slow was his coming, and short his stay,

And speedily his riding away, away:

She wept alone, alone.

"When the dreary trees of the winter wood

Their leafless leaves had shed,

When the leafless leaves of the winter wood

Upon the ground lay dead—

For the sun came slow, and short was his stay,

And speedily his passing away, away,

And they languished beneath his cheerless ray,

And faded, and fell to be trod to clay—

Fair Nina had languished, pale as they,

And faded, and fallen, and coldly lay

Within her bower, dead.

"Scatter flowers wet with tears

On her bier, on her bier,

Flowers wet with maiden's tears,

Ye who loved her dear—"



Now who comes riding with brow so bold,  
In hunting garb of green and gold,  
His cap set light 'mong his curling hair,  
Bedecked with feather for forest wear?  
Sir Eric comes riding his dappled grey,  
Cantering gaily down the way  
They bear dead Nina's bier.

"Like doves when hangs the falcon near  
The maidens shrink away,  
When the pitiless falcon hovers near  
To stoop upon his prey;  
And Nina's mother with cry of fear  
Runs closer to guard her darling's bier;  
And her father old lifts his hands on high  
To curse the false lover a-riding by,  
But tears gush over his withered cheek,  
His quivering lip no word will speak—  
They lead him mute away.

"But out in the path with an angry cry  
Her little brother springs,  
With a flashing eye and an angry cry  
Unto the rein he clings;

"False lover that didst our Nina slay—"

Sir Eric goes cantering down the way,  
Across the meadow so green and wide,  
And along the path by the river side;  
On to the ford where the thirsty deer  
Come duly to drink of the water clear,  
And the swan to rest her wings.

"What sound comes up from the river side,  
Where drink the timid deer;  
'Cross the meadow wide from the river side,  
Over the forest deer?"

'Tis the tones of a harp, as wild and sweet  
As ever a dreaming ear did greet:  
Ah, woe to the breaker of plighted vow  
If needles he stray by the river now!  
For the Neck is playing his harp by the ford:  
He calleth and claimeth a guest for his board,  
In his cavern under the mere.

"When the mirk was creeping from east to west,  
And the daylight fleeing before—  
When the daylight hung on the edge of the west  
Like the sun on a wide sea-shore;  
Then galloping, galloping, up the way  
All riderless came the dappled grey,  
With quivering limb and staring eye,  
With bridle broken and girth awry,  
All dabbled with froth and river foam  
The terrified steed came galloping home—  
But Sir Eric came back no more."

We find, here and there, very pretty  
snatches of verse that have the true fairy  
twinkle in them. Here is a charming little  
picture of the fairies' gathering and trooping  
out, as the long shadows of the twilight are  
deepening into night—

"Twinkle, twinkle o'er the grass—  
Is it shade? is it light?  
Or do both together pass  
Across the green to-night?

Twinkle, twinkle dark and sheen,  
Mantle fold and feet between,  
Glancing feet and mantles green,  
Greener than the grass, I ween—  
Mingling shade and light.

"Trooping, trooping on they go,  
O'er the dewy grass—  
Little feet as white as snow  
Twinkling as they pass,

O'er the grass the mantles sweep,  
And the daisies roused from sleep,  
Half unclosed their dewy eyes,  
Timidly and with surprise—  
Nothing but the starry skies,  
And the dewy grass."

The following, too, in a different way, the  
opening of the ballad of The Hill-men, is  
striking. "The Hill-men, or Dwarfs of  
Switzerland," says the introduction, "lived  
among the inaccessible peaks of the Upper  
Alps, pasturing and tending their flocks,  
not of sheep or goats, but of wild chamois,  
a cup of whose milk, received from the hands  
of a Hill-man, its rightful owner, like the  
widow's cruse of oil, 'failed not.'" These  
Hill-men sometimes descended into the  
valleys to give the inhabitants notice of a  
coming storm or avalanche, with whose signs  
they are familiar, or, as in the ballad, to beg  
a lodging—

"For weeks had the snow, and the snow alone,  
The snow, the snow, met the aching sight;  
On the slopes and the peaks around it shone,  
And the boughs of the trees with snow hung down,  
And the house-tops all with snow were white;  
And the sun hung his dazzling glance below  
On the freezing, glittering, sparkling snow.

"But a sturdy wind leaped up at last  
From a mountain gorge where it long had slept;  
And as down through the glens it shouting past  
Came the mists and the vapours following fast,  
And out and over the vale they swept;  
Like the willing vassals of warrior lord  
Who follow his foot and who wait his word.

"The trees are stirred and their branches all  
Cast their heavy burdens to the ground,  
And erect upspring, like men from thrall  
When they dash to the earth at Freedom's call  
The freezing chains that had them bound:  
And the setting sun disdains to throw  
One glance on the soiled and fallen snow.

"Now into the hamlet's silent street,  
With its close shut doors and its miry way,  
An aged Dwarf drags his weary feet  
Through the melting snow and plashing sleet;  
His elfin locks are thin and grey,  
And like wreaths of the fog and vapour show  
That denser ever and denser grow.

"And at every door, as he wanders his way,  
He pauses and utters this small request—  
'But a morsel of bread, but a cup of whey,  
But a scattered handful of straw or hay  
In barn or shed where my limbs may rest—'  
But the only answer to his request  
Is rude denial or heartless jest.

"Still from door to door, from door to door,  
And from side to side of the street he goes,  
Till each house in the hamlet is counted o'er—  
But is ever the answer as before,  
And ever the door in his face they close;  
To every house he has been but one,  
A little cottage that stands alone."

The issue may be foreseen. The good  
people of this last lonely cottage set before  
the dwarf their only loaf, supply him with a  
cup of whey, and place him near the fire.  
Presently the roar of the avalanche is heard.  
The dwarf snatches up husband and wife, and  
carries them through fog and spray to the  
top of a hill, where they witness the inunda-  
tion under which the whole hamlet is buried.  
It is needless to add that the grateful dwarf  
establishes the kind couple in a capital house,  
and furnishes them with an inexhaustible cup  
of milk, and a cheese that will cut and come  
again as long as they live.

*The Lives of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel,  
and of Anne Dacres, his Wife.* Edited from  
the Original MSS. By the Duke of  
Norfolk, E.M. Hurst and Blackett.

THE noble editor of these biographies is  
well warranted in the trust, which his pre-  
face expresses, that they will be read with  
interest. They throw valuable light on the  
social habits and the prevalent feelings in  
the Elizabethan age; and they also furnish  
strong though painful proof of the oppressive  
practices of our Government, and of the  
wicked perversions of our laws during that  
important period of our history. They are  
printed *verbatim et literatim* from the manu-  
script originals, which have remained in the  
possession of the Norfolk family. The author's  
name does not appear; but there is abundant  
internal evidence in the *Lives* to show that  
he was an ecclesiastic of the Roman Catholic  
church, attached to the Norfolk family, and  
that he composed these memoirs during the  
reign of James the First (see pages 256, 14,  
122, and other parts of this volume). It is  
also evident that the writer drew his informa-  
tion either from his own personal knowledge,  
or from accounts given to him by members  
and dependants of the family, who were eye-  
witnesses of what they narrated.

Nobility was a high but a perilous station  
in the sixteenth century. The three imme-  
diate ancestors of the Earl were condemned  
to death on political charges, and the Earl  
himself met the same doom; though he was  
reprieved from the scaffold, and died as a  
condemned prisoner in the Tower. There is  
much pathos (and prophetic pathos too) in

the letter which he addressed to Queen Eliza-  
beth, when endeavouring to leave England  
in 1585, and which is printed in this volume.  
In part of this epistle (p. 39), after narrating  
to the Queen the attempts which had been  
made to entrap him into words which might  
bear a reasonable construction, and after  
bemoaning the evident displeasure and pre-  
judice with which the Queen had of late re-  
garded him, he tells her that on his release  
after his last examination—

"I began to call to remembrance the heavy  
sentence which had lighted upon those three of  
mine Ancestors, who immediately went before me.  
The first being my great Grandfather, who was so  
free from all suspicion and shew of any fault, as  
because they had no colour of matter to bring him  
to his answer, they attainted him by Act of Par-  
liament, without ever calling him to his answer.  
The second being my Grandfather was brought to  
his trial, and condemned for such trifles as amazed  
the standers by at that time, and it is ridiculous  
at this time to hear the same. Nay he was so  
faultless in all respects as the Earl of Southampton  
that then was, being one of his greatest enemies  
fearing lest his innocence would be a mean to save  
his life, told Sir Christopher Heydon (being one of  
his Jury) before hand, that tho' he saw no other  
matter weighty enough to condemn him; yet it  
were sufficient reason to make him say guilty, for  
that he was an unmeet man to live in a Common-  
wealth. The last being my Father was arraign'd  
according to the Law and condemned by his  
Peers. God forbid that I should think but that  
his Tryers did that whereunto their consciences  
did lead them. And yet give me leave I most  
humbly beseech your Ma<sup>y</sup> to say thus much that  
howsoever he might unwittingly or unwillingly be  
drawn into greater danger than himself did either  
see or imagin: yet all his actions did plainly declare  
and his greatest enemies must of necessity confess,  
y<sup>e</sup> he never carry'd any disloyal mind to your Ma<sup>y</sup>  
nor intended any undutiful act to his Country.  
And when I had in this sort both fully and  
thoroughly considered the fortune of those three  
which were past I called to mind mine own  
danger w<sup>ch</sup> was present, and did think it not im-  
possible by the shew of this rough beginning, but  
I might as well follow them in their fortune, as I  
have succeeded them in their place. For I con-  
sidering the greatness of mine enemies power to  
overthrow me; and in the weakness of my self, no  
ability to defend me, I perceived in my late  
trouble how narrowly my life was sought, and how  
easily your Ma<sup>y</sup> was drawn into a suspicious and  
hard opinion of my Ancestors, and by my past  
dangers how mine Innocency was no sufficient  
warrant to protect my self. I knew my self, and  
besides was charged by your Council to be of that  
Religion, which they accounted odious, and dan-  
gerous to your state."

We have some melancholy specimens in  
these pages of the inquisitorial and dishonest  
system of examining prisoners, which was  
habitually employed in those times; just as  
an examination of the prisoner by the judge  
is now a regular mode of obtaining evidence  
for condemnation in France and other conti-  
nental countries. We occasionally hear  
this plan admired; and people, who think  
that the only object of courts of justice is to  
convict and punish, seem to envy the verdicts  
of guilty which are obtained in French courts  
through answers, into which the skill of the  
examining judge has irritated or enticed the  
prisoner. They sneer at what they call the  
prudery of our present English system of  
trial, by which the judge himself not only  
abstains from interrogating the accused party,  
but rigidly checks the zealous jurymen, who  
sometimes attempt to do so. Such critics of  
our modern system should look back to the  
judicial enormities, which continually took  
place in this country before the Revolution;



while the plan of examining accused parties, both in prison and in court, was a regular instrument of what was called administering justice. Our early State trials are full of them; and the trial of this very Philip Earl of Arundel (as reported in the first volume of the State Trials, p. 163), shows a scene in which the malignant cunning and practised skill of both judges and prosecuting counsel are elaborately employed in question, in dialogue, in invective, and insinuations, against the unaided prisoner at the bar. Indeed, the report of that trial should be read, together with the first part of this volume. They are enough to make us appreciate the forensic infamies of England in "the good old times," as these times are too often ridiculously and mischievously misnamed.

As is well known, the Earl was sentenced to death with all the horrible details of our old law in such matters, but was reprieved and sent back to the Tower, where he died after an imprisonment of ten years and six months, four years of which had been past before his trial. It is shocking to read the heartless denial which the last earthly requests of the dying man received:—

"He desired moreover to see his brother y<sup>e</sup> Lord William Howard, or his uncle the L<sup>d</sup> Henry (made Earl of Northampton afterwards) at least to take his last leave of them before his death; but neither would that be granted, nor so much as to see his brother the L<sup>d</sup> Thomas Howard tho' both then and ever he had been a Protestant. The Queen had made a kind of promise to some of his friends in his behalf that before his death his wife and children should come unto him. Whereupon conceiving that now his time in this world could not be long, he writ humble letters both to her, and some of the Council, petitioning the performance of that supposed promise. The Lieutenant of the Tower carried his letters and delivered them with his own hands to the Queen, and brought him this answer from her by word of mouth. That if he would but once go to their Church, his request should not only be granted, but he should moreover be restored to his honour, and estates, with as much favour as she could shew. Which message being delivered he gave thanks to y<sup>e</sup> Lieutenant for his pains, and said he could not accept her Ma<sup>ty</sup>'s offers upon that condition; adding withal that he was sorry he had but one life to lose for that cause. A very worthy Gentleman who was present at this passage has often averr'd it to be true. And I do y<sup>e</sup> more easily believe it in regard the Lord Buckhurst, afterward Earl of Dorset, who was then of the Queen's Council and in great respect, told the same in substance to his son-in-law the L<sup>d</sup> Antony Viscount Mountague, from whose mouth I heard it, greatly condemning the good Earl of much want of wisdom and discretion for not accepting so great and gracious a favour, as he esteemed that offer to have been."

The second memoir, that of the Countess, contains many passages which illustrate the manners as well as the religious temperament of the time; but is naturally not of so much political interest as that of the Earl her husband. Their descendant, the present Duke of Norfolk, by publishing these curious biographies, has not only done honour to his ancestors, but has supplied materials of historical information, for which he deserves the thanks of the literary public. In order that we should derive benefit from such memoirs, it is by no means necessary that we should coincide with the opinions expressed in them. There is value in clear proof of how such people as the *writer* of these biographies, as well as the noble subjects of them, thought

and felt; whatever be the degree of our personal sympathy with those thoughts and feelings.

*The Professor: a Tale.* By Currer Bell, author of 'Jane Eyre,' &c. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, & Co.

In these volumes we have the story mentioned in the biography of Charlotte Brontë as having been written before 'Jane Eyre.' The MS. went the round of the publishers, and we can now very easily see why they did not care to venture upon the speculation. The work wants interest as a fiction. There is scarcely any story in it, and such story as there is lacks unity of structure, and is overlaid with sentiment, or reflection, or, if you choose to call it so, the philosophy of character. There is, in short, too little living story, and too much morbid anatomy. The scaffolding is twenty times too elaborate for the building.

The narrative is in the autobiographical form. A certain Mr. William Crimsworth, who has been educated at Eton, and who comes into life under rather peculiar circumstances, relates his own history. His mother was a member of a haughty aristocratic family, and his father was a mill-owner, described by the author, who ought to have known better, as a "tradesman." Of this marriage there were two sons, Edward, who is brought up to his father's business, and William, who is brought up to no business at all. When the narrative opens, William has just returned from Eton, and is offered by his maternal uncle some provision in the church, which he rejects. We see at once, from the start, that this Mr. William Crimsworth is a wayward and moody gentleman, although he would have us think him extremely reasonable and just in his views and aspirations; and when, throwing up his aristocratic relations, who have looked after his education, and made themselves responsible, in their own way, for his future welfare, he goes to his brother, the mill-owner, with whom he has had no intercourse since childhood, to seek employment, we are prepared for a career in which wilfulness, shamming independence, is to be the controlling spirit. There is a cant of virtue as there is a cant of vice; and if we did not know as much as we do, through recent revelations, of the character of Charlotte Brontë, we should be inclined to suspect that this determination to "work" and "be a tradesman," in preference to the adoption of a professional career under the patronage of noble friends, was a pure piece of affectation, there being really no principle whatever at stake in the circumstances under which the choice is made, or in the choice itself. But with the light thrown upon the narrative from the biography of the author, we discern in the nature and actions of William Crimsworth, in his moods and mysteries, and in the repellent atmosphere he carries about with him, an involuntary reflection, softened in many places, of the dark side of Charlotte Brontë's own individuality. We need not follow out this curious resemblance, like and unlike in different aspects; it is enough to furnish the reader with a suggestion which will help him to a clearer insight into the peculiarities of the portraiture. Painful in sundry passages, and exceedingly disturbing upon the whole, notwithstanding the

sunshine which the author, more out of deference to convention than her own taste, suffers to settle down upon the close, it is impossible not to feel that we are on much worse terms with the world when we close the book than we were when we opened the "introductory chapter."

Mr. Edward Crimsworth is a hard, selfish man, married to a vain, pretty, senseless woman. He treats his brother with superfluous and, indeed, inexplicable harshness; gives him occupation as a clerk in the factory, crushing him at the same time under the weight of his grim protection; and finally bursts out into such brutal ferocity as to compel him to throw up his situation. In this last desperate measure William Crimsworth is stimulated by Mr. Hunsden, a neighbouring mill-owner, who has witnessed the conduct of the elder brother, and by taunts, and sneers, and cynical advice, awakens the indignation of the younger. Mr. Hunsden is a moral mystery. His manners are abrupt and coarse; the conversations that take place between him and William Crimsworth are chiefly distinguished by repulsive rudeness, amounting to contempt; and on one occasion they carry this uncouth fashion of rough sparring to the extremity of actual personal violence. The reader presumes all throughout that under this prickly husk there is a fine heart beating; but we have not been able to discover it, nor can we discern any adequate compensation in the conduct of this brusque, offensive Mr. Hunsden, for the perpetual violations of good feeling and good taste he commits in his speech. The sketch, however, must be accepted as one of the inevitable conditions of the author's view of life. It seems essential to the theory of the human heart and of English society illustrated in these books, that whatever is good at the core should be externally hard and knotted and disagreeable, and that the amenities and mutual forbearances which soften and sweeten society, should be trampled down by eccentricities and "original" idiosyncrasies.

Finding that he is as little adapted to the drudgery of "trade," as he fancied he was for the enjoyment of aristocratic patronage, William Crimsworth turns his attention, as a last resource, to tuition. Mr. Hunsden furnishes him with a letter of introduction to a friend in Brussels, and immediately after his arrival he is fortunate enough to obtain a situation as "professor" of English and Latin at a large school in the town. Next door to this school is a "Pensionnat de Demoiselles," kept by a Mlle. Reuter. Here he is employed at certain houses as an English teacher, so that we have for the scene of our drama two educational interiors. From this point we enter upon the first draught of Vilette, which, in all the portions that relate to Brussels, was founded upon this early sketch. 'The Professor' has much the same relation to Vilette as the outline drawing to the finished picture. And such interest as belongs to the outline—freshness of conception and boldness of touch—may be said to belong to 'The Professor.'

The description of Mlle. Reuter's Pensionnat is identical with that in Vilette, and the life indicated in the one is to be found elaborated in the other. The same vices, the same artifices, the same meannesses, and the same traits of corrupted youth are common to both. Into these details we need not descend. The story which we track slowly

through them is all that concerns us specially in the present work. There is one poor girl in the school, hardly a pupil, who gives lessons in lace-mending by way of return for the lessons she receives in English. This poor girl, Frances Evans Henri, is an orphan, a Swiss by birth, but of English descent. It is William Crimsworth's duty to teach this orphan amongst the rest. Her character is skilfully presented. Her real nature comes out by degrees, and the closer acquaintance we make with her the greater the likeness we trace between her and the author. She combines the opposite qualities of reserve and earnestness; she is shy, even awkward; by no means handsome; capable of energy, but preferring to shrink into shadow, and hold her own course in her own way. Insensibly our professor falls in love with this isolated and rather strange girl. Mdlle. Reuter, whose character, so thoroughly French in its inmost recesses, so adroit, so worldly, so fascinating, so heartless, is, upon the whole, the most perfect and consistent in the book, throws obstacles in the path of the incipient lovers; and at last, in the hope of breaking off their intercourse, dismisses Mdlle. Henri from her house. Crimsworth, irritated by this proceeding, relinquishes his engagement at the Pensionnat, and afterwards leaving the school, obtains the appointment of English professor in a college, with a capital salary. His circumstances are now sufficiently good to enable him to marry; and accordingly Mdlle. Henri becomes his wife. They afterwards set up a school at Brussels, make a fortune sufficient to retire upon, and come to reside in England, where we leave them in a pleasant country house, very near the residence of that bear Hunsden, who is their constant guest, and who takes as much delight as ever in rubbing the cat's back the wrong way.

A few characteristic passages will enable the reader to see how this story is worked out. The sketch of Edward Crimsworth's wife, upon the night of the arrival of the younger brother at Crimsworth Hall, exhibits that deep insight into female character, which in later works was displayed with still greater power by Charlotte Brontë:—

"A lamp, burning under a shade of ground-glass, showed a handsome apartment, wainscotted with oak; supper was laid on the table; by the fire-place, standing as if waiting our entrance, appeared a lady; she was young, tall, and well shaped; her dress was handsome and fashionable: so much my first glance sufficed to ascertain. A gay salutation passed between her and Mr. Crimsworth; she chid him, half playfully, half poutingly, for being late; her voice (I always take voices into the account in judging of character) was lively—it indicated, I thought, good animal spirits. Mr. Crimsworth soon checked her animated scolding with a kiss—a kiss that still told of the bridegroom (they had not yet been married a year); she took her seat at the supper-table in first-rate spirits. Perceiving me, she begged my pardon for not noticing me before, and then shook hands with me, as ladies do when a flow of good-humour disposes them to be cheerful to all, even the most indifferent of their acquaintance. It was now further obvious to me that she had a good complexion and features sufficiently marked but agreeable; her hair was red—quite red. She and Edward talked much, always in a vein of playful contention; she was vexed, or pretended to be vexed, that he had that day driven a vicious horse in the gig, and he made light of her fears. Sometimes she appealed to me.

"Now, Mr. William, isn't it absurd in Edward to talk so! He says he will drive Jack, and no

other horse, and the brute has thrown him twice already."

"She spoke with a kind of lisp, not disagreeable but childish. I soon saw also that there was a more than girlish—a somewhat infantine expression in her by no means small features; this lisp and expression were, I have no doubt, a charm in Edward's eyes, and would be so to those of most men, but they were not to mine."

Vivacity, vanity, coquetry—but not a glimpse of soul. This pretty, light, merry creature is ultimately ill-treated by her husband, as might be expected.

Of a different character is the account of the professor's first lesson in the Pensionnat. Passing up through a lane of benches and desks, without daring to look at them, he mounts the estrade where his chair is placed. From this position he surveys the scene:—

"More obvious, more prominent, shone on by the full light of the large window, were the occupants of the benches just before me, of whom some were girls of fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, some young women from eighteen (as it appeared to me) up to twenty; the most modest attire, the simplest fashion of wearing the hair, were apparent in all, and good features, ruddy, blooming complexions, large and brilliant eyes, forms full, even to solidity, seemed to abound. I did not bear the first view like a stoic; I was dazzled, my eyes fell, and in a voice somewhat too low I murmured—

"Prenez vos cahiers de dictée, mesdemoiselles."

"Not so had I bid the boys at Pelet's take their reading-books. A rustle followed, and an opening of desks; behind the lifted lids which momentarily screened the heads bent down to search for exercise-books, I heard tittering and whispers.

"Eulalie, je suis prête à pâmer de rire," observed one.

"Comme il a rougi en parlant!"

"Oui, c'est un véritable blanc-bec."

"Tais-toi, Hortense—il nous écoute."

"And now the lids sank and the heads reappeared; I had marked three, the whisperers, and I did not scruple to take a very steady look at them as they emerged from their temporary eclipse."

In the picture of the prominent "three," we have one of those voluptuous descriptions which, plunging up the passions at every sentence, give occasion to much wonder, remembering the source from whence we derive them.

When the following passage was written, Charlotte Brontë was a girl:—

"The three I allude to were just in front, within half a yard of my estrade, and were among the most womanly-looking present. Their names I knew afterwards, and may as well mention now; they were Eulalie, Hortense, Caroline. Eulalie was tall, and very finely shaped: she was fair, and her features were those of a Low-country Madonna; many a 'figure de vierge' have I seen in Dutch pictures, exactly resembling hers; there were no angles in her shape or in her face; all was curve and roundness—neither thought, sentiment, nor passion, disturbed by line or flush the equality of her pale, clear skin; her noble bust heaved with her regular breathing, her eyes moved a little—by these evidences of life alone, could I have distinguished her from some large handsome figure, moulded in wax. Hortense was of middle size and stout, her form was ungraceful, her face striking, more alive and brilliant than Eulalie's, her hair was dark brown, her complexion richly coloured; there were frolic and mischief in her eye: consistency and good sense she might possess, but none of her features betokened those qualities.

"Caroline was little, though evidently full grown; raven-black hair, very dark eyes, absolutely regular features, with a colourless olive complexion, clear as to the face and sallow about the neck, formed in her that assemblage of points whose union many persons regard as

the perfection of beauty. How, with the tintless pallor of her skin and the classic straightness of her lineaments, she managed to look sensual, I don't know. I think her lips and eyes contrived the affair between them, and the result left no uncertainty on the beholder's mind. She was sensual now, and in ten years' time she would be coarse—promise plain was written in her face of much future folly.

"If I looked at these girls with little scruple, they looked at me with still less. Eulalie raised her unmoved eye to mine, and seemed to expect, passively but securely, an impromptu tribute to her majestic charms. Hortense regarded me boldly and giggled at the same time, while she said with an air of impudent freedom—

"Dietez-vous quelquechose de facile pour commencer, monsieur."

"Caroline shook her loose ringlets of abundant but somewhat coarse hair over her rolling black eyes; parting her lips, as full as those of a hot-blooded Maroon, she showed her well-set teeth sparkling between them, and treated me at the same time to a smile 'de sa façon.' Beautiful as Pauline Borghese, she looked at the moment scarcely purer than Lucrèce de Borgia. Caroline was of noble family. I heard her lady-mother's character afterwards, and then I ceased to wonder at the precocious accomplishments of the daughter."

The first experiment at teaching these young ladies, heated as they were by rebellious blood, was not very successful. The scene is graphic:—

"The dictée now commenced. My three belles interrupted me perpetually with little, silly questions and uncalled-for remarks, to some of which I made no answer, and to others, replied very quietly and briefly.

"Comment dit-on point et virgule en Anglais, monsieur?"

"Sein-colon, mademoiselle."

"Semi-collong! Ah comme c'est drôle!"

(giggle.) "J'ai une si mauvaise plume—impossible d'écrire!"

"Mais, monsieur—je ne sais pas suivre—vous allez si vite."

"Je n'ai rien compris, moi!"

"Here a general murmur arose, and the teacher, opening her lips for the first time, ejaculated—

"Silence, mesdemoiselles!"

But these are not the only specimens of premature development in the school. Aurelia Koslow, a half-breed between German and Russian, is conspicuous for qualities still more remarkable. The portrait is revolting, but marvellous for its truthfulness:—

"She is eighteen years of age, and has been sent to Brussels to finish her education; she is of middle size, stiffly made, body long, legs short, bust much developed but not compactly moulded, waist disproportionately compressed by an inhumanly braced corset, dress carefully arranged, large feet tortured into small bottines, head small, hair smoothed, braided, oiled, and gummed to perfection; very low forehead, very diminutive and vindictive grey eyes, somewhat Tartar features, rather flat nose, rather high-cheek bones, yet the ensemble not positively ugly; tolerably good complexion. So much for person. As to mind deplorably ignorant and ill-informed; incapable of writing or speaking correctly even German, her native tongue, a dunce in French, and her attempts at learning English a mere farce, yet she has been at school twelve years; but as she invariably gets her exercises, of every description, done by a fellow pupil, and reads her lessons off a book concealed in her lap, it is not wonderful that her progress has been so snail-like. I do not know what Aurelia's daily habits of life are, because I have not the opportunity of observing her at all times; but from what I see of the state of her desk, books, and papers, I should say she is slovenly and even dirty; her outward dress, as I



have said, is well attended to, but in passing behind her bench, I have remarked that her neck is gray for want of washing, and her hair, so glossy with gum and grease, is not such as one feels tempted to pass the hand over, much less to run the fingers through. Aurelia's conduct in class, at least when I am present, is something extraordinary, considered as an index of girlish innocence. The moment I enter the room she nudges her next neighbour and indulges in a half-suppressed laugh. As I take my seat on the estrade, she fixes her eye on me; she seems resolved to attract, and, if possible, monopolize my notice: to this end she launches at me all sorts of looks, languishing, provoking, leering, laughing. As I am found quite proof against this sort of artillery—for we scorn what, unasked, is lavishly offered—she has recourse to the expedient of making noises; sometimes she sighs, sometimes groans, sometimes utters inarticulate sounds, for which language has no name. If, in walking up the school-room, I pass near her, she puts out her foot that it may touch mine; if I do not happen to observe the *marœuvre*, and my boot comes in contact with her brodequin, she affects to fall into convulsions of suppressed laughter; if I notice the snare and avoid it, she expresses her mortification in sullen muttering, where I hear myself abused in bad French, pronounced with an intolerable low German accent.

These examples may be crowned by a general view of the composition of the school at large:—

"A miscellaneous assortment they were, differing both in caste and country; as I sat on my estrade and glanced over the long range of desks, I had under my eye French, English, Belgians, Austrians, and Prussians. The majority belonged to the class bourgeois; but there were many comtesses, there were the daughters of two generals and of several colonels, captains, and Government employés; these ladies sat side by side with young females destined to be demoiselles de magasins, and with some Flamandes, genuine aborigines of the country. In dress all were nearly similar, and in manners there was small difference; exceptions there were to the general rule, but the majority gave the tone to the establishment, and that tone was rough, boisterous, marked by a point-blank disregard of all forbearance towards each other or their teachers; an eager pursuit by each individual of her own interest and convenience; and a coarse indifference to the interest and convenience of every one else. Most of them could lie with audacity when it appeared advantageous to do so. All understood the art of speaking fair when a point was to be gained, and could with consummate skill and at a moment's notice turn the cold shoulder the instant civility ceased to be profitable. Very little open quarrelling ever took place amongst them; but backbiting and tale-bearing were universal. Close friendships were forbidden by the rules of the school, and no one girl seemed to cultivate more regard for another than was just necessary to secure a companion when solitude would have been irksome. They were each and all supposed to have been reared in utter unconsciousness of vice. The precautions used to keep them ignorant, if not innocent, were innumerable. How was it, then, that scarcely one of those girls having attained the age of fourteen could look a man in the face with modesty and propriety? An air of bold, impudent flirtation, or a loose, silly leer, was sure to answer the most ordinary glance from a masculine eye."

We are glad to escape from this tainted atmosphere, and the reflections it suggests, to a scene of a somewhat different kind. In the next extract we have the professor making his declaration to Mlle. Henri. Hitherto he has observed a strange reserve towards her, and she towards him; and the eccentricity and mystery of their characters are still further brought out under the excitement of an incident which would have made most

other people somewhat more intelligible. He is visiting her at her lodging:—

"Frances rose, as if restless; she passed before me to stir the fire, which did not want stirring; she lifted and put down the little ornaments on the mantel-piece; her dress waved within a yard of me; slight, straight, and elegant, she stood erect on the hearth.

"There are impulses we can control; but there are others which control us, because they attain us with a tiger-leap, and are our masters ere we have seen them. Perhaps though, such impulses are seldom altogether bad; perhaps Reason, by a process as brief as quiet, a process that is finished ere felt, has ascertained the sanity of the deed. Instinct meditates, and feels justified in remaining passive while it is performed. I know I did not reason, I did not plan or intend, yet, whereas one moment I was sitting solus on the chair near the table, the next, I held Frances on my knee, placed there with sharpness and decision, and retained with exceeding tenacity.

"'Monsieur!' cried Frances, and was still: not another word escaped her lips; sorely confounded she seemed during the lapse of the first few moments; but the amazement soon subsided; terror did not succeed, nor fury; after all, she was only a little nearer than she had ever been before, to one she habitually respected and trusted; embarrassment might have impelled her to contend, but self-respect checked resistance where resistance was useless.

"'Frances, how much regard have you for me?' was my demand. No answer; the situation was yet too new and surprising to permit speech. On this consideration, I compelled myself for some seconds to tolerate her silence, though impatient of it: presently, I repeated the same question—probably, not in the calmest of tones; she looked at me; my face, doubtless, was no model of composure, my eyes no still wells of tranquillity.

"'Do speak,' I urged; and a very low, hurried, yet still arch voice said—

"'Monsieur, vous me faites mal; de grâce lâchez un peu ma main droite.'

"In truth I became aware that I was holding the said 'main droite' in a somewhat ruthless grasp: I did as desired; and, for the third time, asked more gently—

"'Frances, how much regard have you for me?'

"'Mon maître, j'en ai beaucoup,' was the truthful rejoinder.

"'Frances, have you enough to give yourself to me as my wife?—to accept me as your husband?'

"I felt the agitation of the heart, I saw 'the purple light of love' cast its glowing reflection on cheek, temples, neck; I desired to consult the eye, but sheltering lash and lid forbade.

"'Monsieur,' said the soft voice at last, — 'Monsieur désire savoir si je consens—si—enfin, si je veux me marier avec lui?'

"'Justement.'

"'Monsieur sera-t-il aussi bon mari qu'il a été bon maître?'

"'I will try, Frances.'

"A pause; then with a new, yet still subdued inflexion of the voice—an inflexion which provoked while it pleased me—accompanied, too, by a 'sourire à la fois fin et timide' in perfect harmony with the tone:—

"'C'est à dire, monsieur sera toujours un peu entêté, exigeant, volontaire?'

"'Have I been so, Frances?'

"'Mais oui; vous le savez bien.'

"'Have I been nothing else?'

"'Mais oui; vous avez été mon meilleur ami.'

"'And what, Frances, are you to me?'

"'Votre dévouée élève, qui vous aime de tout son cœur.'

"'Will my pupil consent to pass her life with me? Speak English now, Frances.'

"Some moments were taken for reflection; the answer, pronounced slowly, ran thus:—

"'You have always made me happy; I like to hear you speak; I like to see you; I like to be near you; I believe you are very good, and very superior; I know you are stern to those who are careless and idle, but you are kind, very kind to the attentive and industrious, even if they are not clever. Master, I should be glad to live with you always; and she made a sort of movement, as if she would have clung to me, but restraining herself she only added with earnest emphasis—

"'Master, I consent to pass my life with you.'

"'Very well, Frances.'

"I drew her a little nearer to my heart; I took a first kiss from her lips, thereby sealing the compact, now framed between us; afterwards she and I were silent, nor was our silence brief. Frances' thoughts, during this interval, I know not, nor did I attempt to guess them; I was not occupied in searching her countenance, nor in otherwise troubling her composure. The peace I felt, I wished her to feel; my arm, it is true, still detained her; but with a restraint that was gentle enough, so long as no opposition tightened it. My gaze was on the red fire; my heart was measuring its own content; it sounded and sounded, and found the depth fathomless."

The conversation is now resumed. He tells her that she must give up teaching for a livelihood. He has enough for both. Man is proud of "becoming the providence of what he loves—feeding and clothing it, as God does the lilies of the field." Frances, however, does not see matters in this light. She is for the independence and employment of her sex. She stands up for the rights of woman, but all in a womanly way:—

"'How rich you are, monsieur!' and then she stirred uneasy in my arms. 'Three thousand francs!' she murmured, 'while I get only twelve hundred!' She went on faster. 'However, it must be so for the present; and, monsieur, were you not saying something about my giving up my place? Oh no! I shall hold it fast; and her little fingers emphatically tightened on mine.

"'Think of my marrying you to be kept by you, monsieur! I could not do it; and how dull my days would be! You would be away teaching in close, noisy school-rooms, from morning till evening, and I should be lingering at home, unemployed and solitary; I should get depressed and sullen, and you would soon tire of me.'

"'Frances, you could read and study—two things you like so well.'

"'Monsieur, I could not; I like a contemplative life, but I like an active life better; I must act in some way, and act with you. I have taken notice, monsieur, that people who are only in each other's company for amusement, never really like each other so well, or esteem each other so highly, as those who work together, and perhaps suffer together.'

"'You speak God's truth,' said I at last, 'and you shall have your own way, for it is the best way. Now, as a reward for such ready consent, give me a voluntary kiss.'

"After some hesitation, natural to a novice in the art of kissing, she brought her lips into very shy and gentle contact with my forehead; I took the small gift as a loan, and repaid it promptly, and with generous interest."

This is intended to balance the sensuous tendencies described elsewhere; and to show that if there be hot vices, there are also pure kisses, and tranquil joys in the world. But we should have preferred that such a moral—if moral it be—had been indicated by other means. The book is full of crude power, and reveals the naked roots of that dangerous knowledge which afterwards grew up into such power and luxuriance in 'Jane Eyre,' 'Shirley,' and 'Villette.' In this point of view 'The Professor' will reward the curiosity of the reader, who takes it up as



study of the beginning of a remarkable literary career; but regarded simply as a novel it will disappoint expectation.

*History of the Royal Sappers and Miners.* By T. W. Conolly, Quarter-Master of the Royal Engineers. Second Edition. 2 vols. Longman and Co.

THE Corps of Royal Sappers and Miners has ceased to exist as a separate portion of the British army, and is now merged in the Corps of Royal Engineers. This was a change which Sir Charles Pasley forty years ago advocated, and which at length has been carried into effect with the assistance of Sir John Burgoyne and the assent of Lord Panmure. It was an anomalous state of matters when the Sappers and their officers, virtually one body, were designated by different names. The new arrangement has given satisfaction to all concerned, and the men of the corps will not fail to do credit to the new name they now bear by royal authority. The announcement of the change was made in the 'Gazette' of the 17th October, 1856, the second anniversary of the opening of the siege of Sebastopol, a circumstance regarded by the corps as a designed compliment for its services in the Crimea. A detailed record of these services forms a conspicuous portion of the second edition of Quarter-Master Conolly's book, of the merits of which we took occasion to speak at the time of its appearance. The work now presents a complete history of the corps from its formation in 1772, when the company of military artificers was first regularly organized, down to the incorporation of the Sappers and Miners with the Royal Engineers. And truly a noble record it is of services, civil as well as military, at home and abroad, of which the British army and nation may well be proud.

The chapters added to this edition form a valuable contribution to the military history of the Russian war. From Colonel Sandham, the Director of the Royal Engineer Establishment, with the permission of Sir John Burgoyne, the author obtained the use of the Engineers' Diary of the siege of Sebastopol, so that the statements in this part of the work have an official sanction. Many details not hitherto published are now made known, the perusal of which adds to our conception of the difficulties of the siege, and the energy and skill by which they were overcome. The narrative of particular works and undertakings will be useful to the military historian who may hereafter write a worthy account of this memorable event in the annals of war. The merely physical hindrances were unusual that opposed the labours of the Sappers and Miners in commencing the trenches and preparing the siege works. Bad tools might have been also spoken of, but the author is always obsequiously careful to avoid giving offence to officials or authorities.

"Everywhere the soil was scanty, and the materials for gaining cover scarce. The few houses that existed in the vicinity of the camp had early been demolished, and the old timbers borne away for fuel. Brushwood and young trees, wherever they could be found, were also taken away; and when the cold became extreme, and the ration wood reduced to a few sticks, the ground was turned over in every direction, by perishing men, to collect the roots for firing. Earth was brought from the rear, in baskets, to fill the gabions; and sand-bags ready for use, were also brought from

the park, or wherever the earth could readily be obtained. As they frequently caught fire and burst on the explosion of the guns, a substitute was found for a time by making the bags from the skins of sheep and from bullocks' hides, which stood remarkably well, but they could not be procured in sufficient quantity for the work. The inner necks of the embrasures were revetted with sand-bags, and the cheeks lined with fascines. The basis of all the works was the gabion. In places not opposed by artillery, stones were used for lining the trenches, which gave them the appearance of ancient walls. The traverses were revetted with old gabions, discarded casks, worn biscuit bags from the fleet, and ammunition cases. Indeed every material was pressed into the siege that could be turned by ingenuity to any useful purpose. On all sides the works exhibited a curious employment of rude expedients and adaptations to meet the straits and difficulties of an unexampled attack."

After the evacuation of the town by the Russians, the demolition of the docks and other works occupied the labour of the corps for more than three months. These operations were of the most difficult and hazardous nature. The shafts were constantly flooded, and the charges of powder were often lodged in the chambers at the end of the galleries while the miners were up to their waists in water. The health of the men was more tried, and the losses more severe, during these tedious operations than throughout the perils of the siege. At length all difficulties were overcome, and on the 6th of February, 1856, the last explosion took place, and the docks of Sebastopol were destroyed. The services of the corps in the Aland Islands, in Turkey, Bulgaria, Wallachia, and Circassia, are also narrated with great fulness of detail. It is a most gratifying proof of the intelligence and spirit of the corps to which the author belongs, that more than two hundred copies of his work have been taken by the non-commissioned officers, including some of the privates. The study of the past history of the Royal Sappers and Miners will be the best security for the honour of the corps being perpetuated under its new designation of the Royal Engineers.

It may appear to some readers that the narrative is sometimes too copious in details, many pages being occasionally occupied with an account of works executed by small parties of the corps, or even the services of single individuals. Viewing Mr. Conolly's book merely as historical, this might be justly regarded as a fault, but one which is more than counterbalanced by the good that will be done in stirring up emulation among the men, and inciting them to similar acts of skill or daring. Without the names and dates and all the details of these exploits, much of the interest and most of the usefulness of the history would have been lost.

*Tom Brown's School Days.* By an Old Boy. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

As the clock striking four in Mr. Puff's tragedy relieves that distinguished author from all necessity for saying a word about the chariot of Apollo, so the critic of 'Tom Brown' may effect some economy of ink and paper by simply indicating the remarkable affinity which it presents to the writings of Mr. Kingsley—the more remarkable as there is nothing of the constraint of direct imitation, and the striking similarity of style seems plainly referable to a corresponding coincidence of thought. Not that the book is equal to Mr. Kingsley's, we miss the marvel-

lous splendour of his descriptive passages, as well as the exquisite rhythmical flow that modulates their gorgeousness, like the soothing chime of a fountain in a conservatory. But the unmistakable mental characteristics are all there, and most of all the true Saxon delight in exercise, combat, and every manifestation of physical strength. The writer is far too truly "an old boy," not to be aware that, whatever other advantages he may allow or deny his hero, a sturdy frame is absolutely essential to his being a hero at all. Without it, all the talent and amiability that the young denizen of a public school may possess, can no more avail to make him a hero than Merlin's sigilied scroll and ivory wand could entitle him to a seat at the Round Table.

Tom would certainly have sat there, had not chronology stood in his way. His manners are far from possessing the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. He is almost as partial to the receipt as to the distribution of knocks, and is never wanting in the cause of persecuted little boys, Rugby's substitutes for the distressed damsels of an earlier chivalry. He is so full of honesty, courage, and independence, that one wonders how he finds room for his unlimited faculty for mischief. Few schoolmasters would consider him as a very satisfactory model, and so much the better. We want a representation of the Browns as they are, and not as Dr. Ferule may think it would be better if they were. We are not a little tired of pictures of juvenile life, sketched from the pedagogic point of view, and are pleased to see that the lion, too, knows how to handle the brush. No schoolmaster, indeed, could have written 'Tom Brown,' or, if he had, he would have needed to take special precautions against the circulation of his own book in his own school. Such an adventure as the following, and there are dozens like it, might seem written on purpose to imperil the valuable lives of all the pike in his neighbourhood:—

"As he was baiting for a fourth pounder, and just going to throw in again, he became aware of a man coming up the bank not one hundred yards off. Another look told him that it was the under-keeper. Could he reach the shallow before him? No, not carrying his rod. Nothing for it but the tree, so Tom laid his bones to it, shinning up as fast as he could, and dragging up his rod after him. He had just time to reach and crouch along upon a huge branch some ten feet up, which stretched out over the river, when the keeper arrived at the clump. Tom's heart beat fast as he came under the tree; two steps more and he would have passed, when, as ill-luck would have it, the gleam on the scales of the dead fish caught his eye, and he made a dead point at the foot of the tree. He picked up the fish one by one; his eye and touch told him that they had been alive and feeding within the hour. Tom crouched lower along the branch, and heard the keeper beating the clump. 'If I could only get the rod hidden,' thought he, and began gently shifting it to get it alongside him; 'willow-trees don't throw out straight hickory shoots twelve feet long, with no leaves, worse luck.' Alas! the keeper catches the rustle, and then a sight of the rod, and then of Tom's hand and arm.

"Oh, be up ther' be'ee!" says he, running under the tree. 'Now you come down this minute.'

"Tree'd at last," thinks Tom, making no answer, and keeping as close as possible, but working away at the rod which he takes to pieces; 'I'm in for it, unless I can starve him out.' And then he begins to meditate getting along the branch for a plunge, and scramble to the other side; but the small branches are so thick, and the opposite bank

so difficult, that the keeper will have lots of time to get round by the ford before he can get out, so he gives that up. And now he hears the keeper beginning to scramble up the trunk. That will never do; so he scrambles himself back to where his branch joins the trunk, and stands with lifted rod.

"Hullo, Velveteens, mind your fingers if you come any higher."

"The keeper stops and looks up, and then with a grin says, 'Oh! be you, be it, young measter? Well, here's luck. Now I tell 'ee to come down at once, and 'ell be best for 'ee.'"

"Thank 'ee, Velveteens, I'm very comfortable," said Tom, shortening the rod in his hand, and preparing for battle.

"Werry well, please yourself," says the keeper, descending however to the ground again, and taking his seat on the bank; "I b'eant in no hurry, so you med' take yer time. I'll larn 'ee to gee honest folk names afore I've done with 'ee."

"My luck, as usual," thinks Tom; "what a fool I was to give him a black. If I'd called him 'keeper' now I might get off. The return match is all his way."

The keeper quietly proceeded to take out his pipe, fill, and light it, keeping an eye on Tom, who now sat disconsolately across the branch, looking at keeper—a pitiful sight for men and fishes. The more he thought of it the less he liked it. "It must be getting near second calling-over," thinks he. Keeper smokes on stolidly. "If he takes me up, I shall be flogged safe enough. I can't sit here all night. Wonder if he'll rise at silver."

"I say, keeper," said he meekly, "let me go for two bob?"

"Not for twenty neither," grunts his persecutor. And so they sat on till long past second calling-over, and the sun came slanting in through the willow branches, and telling of locking-up near at hand.

"I'm coming down, keeper," said Tom at last with a sigh, fairly tired out. "Now what are you going to do?"

"Walk 'ee up to School, and give 'ee over to the Doctor; them's my orders," says Velveteens, knocking the ashes out of his fourth pipe, and standing up and shaking himself.

"Very good," said Tom; "but hands off you know. I'll go with you quietly, so no collaring or that sort of thing."

"Keeper looked at him a minute—"Werry good," said he, at last; and so Tom descended, and wended his way drearily by the side of the keeper up to the School-house, where they arrived just at locking-up."

The hero of this anecdote is, of course, not one to be left in the unregenerate state that draws such faint distinctions between *meum* and *tuum*. The author knows that nothing but the sunshine of tenderness is needed to develop the fairest blossoms from this sturdy and sterling growth, and he is careful to let it beam forth in due season. The care of a boy far younger and weaker than himself first awakes in Tom the sense of responsibility, and then enables him to perceive that a similar feeling actuates his supposed natural enemies, the tutors. From that moment he is as conspicuous for obedience as formerly for disorder. The whole conception is very true and beautiful, and the mutual action and reaction of the rough Tom and the gentle Arthur are described with a manly tenderness that seems caught from the most elevated passages of Mr. Thackeray. This is the author's merit; it is his good fortune that has enabled him to supply us with a living picture of a great and good man, whose memory England most gratefully and justly preserves among her holiest things. Only he who sees nothing to revere in Dr. Arnold, will see nothing to admire in 'Tom Brown.'

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

*A Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece.* By William Mure. Vol. V. Longman and Co.

*The Lines of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, and of Anne Devereux, his Wife.* Edited from the Original MSS. by the Duke of Norfolk, E.M. Hurst and Blackett.

*Way-Side Fancies.* By Francis Freeling Broderip. Moxon. *The Militiaman at Home and Abroad.* By Emeritus. With illustrations by John Leech. Smith, Elder, and Co.

*Life of John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A.* By John Eadie, D.D., LL.D. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Sons.

*Aphorisms and Opinions of Bishop Horne.* J. W. Parker and Son.

*Vacations in Ireland.* By Charles Richard Weld. Longman and Co.

*The Metaphysics of Aristotle, literally translated from the Greek, with Notes, &c.* By the Rev. John N. M'Mahon, M.A. H. G. Bohn.

*Chronicles of the Tombs. A Select Collection of Epitaphs.* By T. J. Pettigrew, F.R.S. H. G. Bohn.

*The Two Aristocracies.* A Novel. By Mrs. Gore. Hurst and Blackett.

*Shining after Rain; or, the Sister's Vow.* A Tale. Two Vols. Saunders and Odey.

*Plan for Simplifying and Improving the Measures, Weights, and Money of the Country.* By Lieut.-Gen. Sir C. W. Pasley, F.R.S. Dalton.

*Oran, and other Poems.* By Alexander T. McLean. Glasgow: T. Murray and Son.

AMONG the many narratives of the late war with Russia little notice has been taken of the Militia, except indirectly, as forming a corps of reserve and supplying volunteers to the regular army. But the services of this body deserve a more popular record than the Horse Guards' General Order at the close of the war, and a more circumstantial chronicler than the Adjutant-General. The militiamen have at length found a *pious vates* and sympathetic historian in one of the officers of the corps, under the modest signature of Emeritus. To describe the origin and generally eventless career of each regiment would be an idle undertaking; but in narrating the history of one of the regiments which volunteered for foreign duty, from its first training to its disembodiment, a good idea is given of the common features of the service. There were ten regiments in all that volunteered to serve abroad, and are permitted to bear on their colours the word "Mediterranean," as it was there that they were sent, relieving a corresponding number of regiments of the line from garrison duty at Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Islands. Emeritus belonged to the Royal "Blanks," one of the Lancashire regiments being, from the internal evidence of the narrative, obviously thus denoted. Other regiments referred to in the book may also be readily identified by familiar soubriquets, as the Oxford regiment disguised as Town and Gown, and the Stafford or 1st King's Own as the Potteries. The story of the Royal Blanks, from its first days of drill down to its inspection at the end of the war, is related in ample detail by Emeritus, and in a style of great liveliness and humour. Without this attractiveness of style the record of training and of barrack life at home, and of garrison duty in scenes so familiarly known as the Mediterranean stations, would have made a book of rather dreary reading. But as managed by this writer the history is an entertaining one, and to all who served in militia regiments abroad will be a valued memorial of their service. The sketches of scenery, men, and manners, in the places where the regiment was successively stationed, are full of interest, and where novelty of information could not be expected, the reader's attention is sustained by a recital of the occupations and adventures of the soldiers. Mr. Leech's pencil might have been more liberally employed in illustrating the work. The cricket match at Zante, between the eleven soldiers and sixteen sailors, as described by Emeritus, would have afforded a rich sketch, and other incidents which are amusingly told.

The Memorials of Dr. Kitto, edited by Dr. Ryland ('Lit. Gaz.' 1856, p. 392), have made known to the public the leading incidents of the life of this learned and worthy man, presenting at the same time many specimens of his correspondence and of extracts from his private journals. To that volume there was appended a critical estimate of the writings of Dr. Kitto, by Professor

Eadie of Glasgow, one of his literary executors, who now writes a formal biography, more condensed than the previous work, and therefore likely to be more widely read and to prove more extensively useful. Dr. Kitto's was a remarkable history, both as a traveller, a student, and an author. In early life he educated himself, and acquired knowledge through many difficulties. Born in a humble condition, and earning his bread by daily labour, he raised himself to an honourable place in literature, and as a missionary in the East he spent many years of active Christian usefulness. Latterly he was afflicted with total deafness, and though to him "wisdom at one entrance was shut out," he continued to labour and to study and to write with unabated zeal and energy. In rapid succession he published works such as 'The Pictorial Bible,' the 'Encyclopedia of Biblical Literature,' and other series of volumes illustrative of Scripture. When in Persia he attracted the notice and gained the friendship of Sir John Macneill, then Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Persian court, to whom this volume is appropriately dedicated. The story of Dr. Kitto's life is one which is well fitted to encourage students, and to afford many lessons to those who are engaged in literary pursuits, as well as to Christian ministers and missionaries. His works contain a large amount of accurate and useful information about Persia, Palestine, and other Eastern countries where he resided; and all his observations and researches were turned to higher objects than the mere entertainment of his readers. Professor Eadie has performed his literary task well, and has produced a book which is a model of Christian biography. An amusing anecdote of Sir John Macneill is told in one part of the memoir. During an excursion in Persia Kitto strayed from the party, and when the boat was about to sail he could not be found. To shout to him or to fire a gun by way of signal would have been useless, on account of his deafness. Sir John Macneill started in pursuit, and at length got sight of the wanderer. At first he commenced naturally to call after him, forgetting that he was only wasting his breath. "After a sharp run," Sir John says, "I came up with him, but as he could not hear my approach, he was completely taken by surprise, and when I seized him by the collar of his coat, supposing himself in the hands of some Arab robber, he turned on me a face of such agony, that, ludicrous as the circumstances were, I could hardly laugh." The generous exertions lately made by Sir John Macneill, in promoting a subscription for the family of Dr. Kitto after his death, will be remembered with honour, and attest the respect that he bears to the memory of his friend.

Any memorial of Bishop Horne of Norwich is acceptable, and the collection of aphorisms and opinions gathered from his works is a tribute of respect to his memory that may also please and profit the reader. The learned Dr. Parr paid the good Bishop a worthy compliment, when he wished that "the Church of England might be ever adorned by such prelates, such scholars, and such men as a Watson, a Bagot, and a Horne." Some of the sayings and sentences in this miscellaneous display will the playful humour as well as the devout piety for which Dr. Horne was remarkable. Those who are familiar with his works, will miss passages which they would have liked to see reproduced in such a memorial. A portion of the beautiful preface to his 'Commentary on the Psalms' is quoted; but one of the finest and most characteristic pieces is not given, where he expresses his regret at coming to the close of a work which had been his pleasure and solace during many years. A brief biographical sketch is prefixed to the work.

If it be possible in these times to regain some attention to the Metaphysics of Aristotle beyond the narrow circle of those who are able or willing to study the original, the edition of Mr. M'Mahon will have the effect. With the exception of the ponderous work of Thomas Taylor, no complete translation in English has before been attempted.



But it is not the mere rendering of the language that is most required for facilitating the study of this part of the Stagyrite's philosophy. In the progress of metaphysical inquiry many speculations have changed their form and relation, and many terms have acquired other significance. Some of the problems which occupied the metaphysicians of ancient times—those that relate to necessary truths, for instance—present the same main points in all ages, and the German transcendental systems are but revivals of some of the old Aristotelian speculations and theorems. But other departments of mental philosophy have been cultivated since the days of the schoolmen who knew no authority beyond the *Metaphysics* of Aristotle. A student who attempts to read that treatise, after having known the results of later metaphysical research and authorship, will be often perplexed, and will sorely desiderate some expositor and guide amidst the apparent confusion and intricacy of the ancient volume. The corrupt state of the text, and the want of proper arrangement and division in the treatise, have further contributed to its being neglected by students. All this is now remedied to at least as great an extent as the worth of the study itself demands. In the pursuits of metaphysical speculation there has been of late years a marked revival, and the works of Aristotle have naturally acquired a part of their former consideration. In the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana,' Mr. Maurice gave a brief and lucid exposition of the leading principles of the Aristotelian *Metaphysics*. Mr. McMahon, in a prefatory disquisition, occupying nearly a hundred pages, presents a more formal analysis of the work, stating the contents and scope of each book and chapter, and introducing occasional comments, which will greatly aid the intelligent study of the text. The translation itself is apparently made with much care, and the foot-notes, though not numerous, are terse and apposite. At the close of the Prefatory Essay, a list is given of works which it is advisable to study for those who seek to master the ontological system of Aristotle. Few, however, will be disposed, in these days of busy science and more fruitful learning, to follow Mr. McMahon into the dusty chambers where the 'Commentaries' of Augustinus Niphus and the 'Discussiones Peripateticæ' of Patricius lie honourably entombed. At least Mr. McMahon has done his best to render the personal perusal of these and many other neglected and not always accessible tomes superfluous to those who feel that art is long and life is short.

A collection of epitaphs will usually bear marks of the taste and pursuits of the compiler. The materials for such a work are boundless in extent and variety, and the largest collection can only contain a selection of these monumental memorials. Mr. Pettigrew's book in its dominant features is historical and archaeological. The arrangement is chronological, but there are also classified groups, such as royal epitaphs, epitaphs of nobility, epitaphs of poets, miscellaneous, and ludicrous or eccentric epitaphs. This is obviously a very vague system of classification, nor is it adhered to closely, such as it is. For instance, we have an epitaph, sad enough in its subject, and solemn in its strain, on a young girl burned to death, under the head of ludicrous epitaphs. The poets have a corner of their own, but all other men of genius or learning are huddled under the heading of miscellaneous. William Hogarth, James Watt, Sir Astley Cooper, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Edward Gibbon, are mixed up with scores of names unknown to fame. There is also a separate heading for ecclesiastics. The first portion of the *Chronicles of the Tombs* is in the form of an essay on epitaphs, in which the author's remarks serve to string together other groups of inscriptions, such as Roman epitaphs, old English epitaphs, admonitory epitaphs, laudatory epitaphs, rhetorical, punning, acrostic, denunciatory, professional, ridiculous, and we know not how many more kinds of epitaphs. It will be seen that Mr. Pettigrew's book is not marked by any well-defined plan of arrangement, nor do we see how a systematic classification is possible, except in the case of poets, artists, scholars, soldiers, and men of

other distinct professions and occupations during life. When you speak of laudatory, admonitory, and other adjectives, these qualities may belong equally to epitaphs of kings, warriors, poets, or peasants. We almost think that a book of epitaphs is most interesting without any artificial grouping, just as the tombs are mixed in a churchyard. There may be royal vaults and poets' corners, but the general masses of humanity are not railed off from each other by the distinctions of class and calling as during life. With a good index it matters little what arrangement is adopted, for no one thinks of reading a chronicle of the tombs consecutively, like the Scotch novice who found Johnson's Dictionary very interesting, but rather unconnected. Mr. Pettigrew's antiquarian zeal, varied reading, and unwearied industry are guarantees for this being a copious and curious collection, and with the aid of the index it will prove a valuable book of reference, while presenting interesting and useful matter for occasional reading.

Shining after Rain, or a Sister's Tale, is a book written with the benevolent purpose of obtaining means for establishing an asylum for the aged poor among the labourers of the writer's own village. The incidents of the story are intended to illustrate the condition of the hard-toiling poor, and to incite to generous sympathy and active interest for promoting their welfare through life, and their comfort in old age. But apart from this main design, it is a good tale of English life, in which several of the characters are cleverly drawn, and a genial and kindly tone pervades the book. We have met with few novels for some time which we can more cordially approve and commend.

General Sir Charles Pasley's plan for simplifying and improving the system of measures, weights, and money of this country, was laid before the section of Economic Science and Statistics of the British Association at Cheltenham last year, when it elicited some interesting discussion. In regard to weights, Sir Charles Pasley strongly urges the adoption of one uniform standard for all articles and all parts of the country, "the standard one pound imperial to be exactly one-sixtieth part of the weight of the new cubic foot of distilled water, as ascertained by brass weights at the temperature of 17° of the centesimal thermometer, or 62°-6 of Fahrenheit, with the barometer standing at 24½ inches of the new lineal measure." A hundred pounds of the new would equal about a hundred and eight of the present airdupois weight. The sentence which we have quoted indicates a wider breaking-up of existing standards and usages than is likely to be attainable; but the details of the scheme deserve the consideration of any Parliamentary committee of inquiry or Government commission on the subject. With regard to the new monetary system proposed, Sir Charles Pasley would have only three coins of account—Cents, Florins, and Pounds (sterling); ten farthings making one cent, ten cents a florin, and ten florins a pound. It does not appear to him advisable to withdraw any of the small silver coins now in circulation, but the crowns and half-crowns ought to be gradually called in. A royal proclamation, or an Act of Parliament, would be required to divide the pound into a thousand instead of nine hundred and sixty parts. This really seems the simplest way of settling the decimal coinage question. The depreciation of the copper coinage would not do any appreciable injury to the working classes. Their wages are almost always paid in silver, and it would only be in the copper change that there would be a trifling deficiency. As to penny tolls, the turnpike-man might be empowered to charge one penny one farthing on the 5th, 10th, 15th, 20th, and 25th days of each month, which in the course of a year would effect a pretty equitable adjustment of payments, without affecting current leases or existing trusts. The practical failure of the French decimal metrical system in many of the great departments of science as well as of common life, should lead to great caution in adopting changes in this country.

#### New Editions.

*Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England.* By John Lord Campbell, LL.D. Fourth Edition. Vol. VI. Murray.  
*Lessons in Ancient History.* Revised by the Rev. B. W. Beaton. Wertheim and Macintosh.

THE fourth edition of Lord Campbell's 'Chancellors' progresses. Vol. VI. contains the lives of Lord Macclesfield, Lord King, Lord Talbot, Lord Hardwicke, Lord Northampton, and Lord Camden. We are brought down to the year 1769: and materials accumulate fast in the hands of the biographer. Four more volumes are necessary to bring the history down to the death of Lord Eldon. As modern times are approached, each volume increases in interest; and the forms of law and politics from which our modern fashions are derived begin more clearly to develop themselves.

Under the title of *Lessons in Ancient History*, in the form of question and answer, a very useful little compendium for school use deserves special notice, among the many educational manuals of the kind. The facts are judiciously selected, and the catechetical form, with accompanying indexes, lists, and questions for examination, renders the book peculiarly suitable for use in classes. In regard to the classical history of the Greeks and Romans, the chronology adopted is that of Mr. Fynes Clinton. The leading facts of sacred as well as secular history are introduced, and the attention of the pupils is directed to the recent discoveries in Egypt, Nineveh, and other places, by which unexpected and wonderful testimonies have been obtained to the authenticity of the Holy Scriptures, as historical records as well as revelations of Divine truth.

#### Miscellaneous, Pamphlets, &c.

*A Refutation of the Statements in 'The Life of Charlotte Brontë,' regarding the Casterton Clergy Daughter's School.* By W. W. Carus Wilson. Weston-super-Mare: J. Whereat.  
*Geology and Genesis; or, the Two Teachings Contrasted.* By C. Whitaker and Co.  
*Suggestions with regard to the Education of Officers in the British Army.* Clowes and Sons.  
*Reformatory Schools; Why and How they should be Established and Maintained.* By R. J. Gainsford. Cash.  
*The Masses Without! A Pamphlet for the Times.* By John Knox. Judd and Glass.  
*Instructions in the Art of Swimming.* By C. Richardson, Esq. Ridgway.

MRS. GASKELL committed so grave a violation of truth by her wanton assault upon the character of a lady, in her 'Life of Charlotte Brontë,' that we are not surprised to find her account of the Cowanbridge School equally untrustworthy. 'Mr. Carus Wilson publishes a "refutation" of her statements, so clear and complete, that, if Mrs. Gaskell cares to mend her credit with the public, she will cancel or modify that portion of her book relating to the school, as she is bound by her apology to the lady's solicitors to cancel all that part which relates the scandalous and doubly-scandalous, because untrue, history of Branwell Brontë. We will not enter into the details of this school question, with which the public are already sufficiently wearied. It will be enough for the interests of justice to observe, that against the single testimony of the authoress of *Jane Eyre*, then a passionate and morbid child of nine years of age, Mr. Carus Wilson brings forward witnesses of mature age and unimpeachable character in defence of the general conduct of the establishment. As a question of evidence—the only shape in which it can be judged by the public—the verdict must of necessity be given against Mrs. Gaskell.

General Sir de Lacy Evans has given notice of a motion in the House of Commons respecting Education for the Army, to be brought forward early next month. This week's 'Gazette' contains the announcement of the establishment of a Board, or Council of Military Education, the Commander-in-Chief being *ex-officio* President, Colonel Cameron of the 42nd, Colonel Portlock of the Royal Engineers, and Colonel Addison being the acting members of the Board. The reports of various commissions of inquiry, especially of that which was



sent to report on foreign military schools, have been printed since last session of Parliament. There is therefore every prospect of this important subject at length receiving the attention from the government and the authorities which it demands. The advocates of routine and red tape will doubtless offer obstructions to all changes, but the events of the last war called into existence a public opinion which will not allow necessary improvements to be wholly rejected. The epigrammatic allusion to the army of lions led by asses would not have had so much currency without a substance of truth in the satire. The suggestions with regard to the education of officers of the British army, now published as a pamphlet, contain several points highly deserving consideration. Most of the details relate to professional matters, but one point of interest to the public the author urges with much force—the unsuitableness of a purely military Board of Education. He affirms that such a Board must necessarily become a mere appendage to the Horse Guards, that its members will not feel at liberty to thwart the views of their superiors, and that instead of promoting a spirit of professional study throughout the army, it will become a thorough hotbed of patronage and abuse. A Board under the War Office, responsible to parliamentary control, would have been a better arrangement, had there existed any real purpose of reforming education for the officers of the army, and not merely professing to do so, while scheming for the retention of Horse Guards' patronage and influence independent of civil control, and the publicity of a government board. It is the old conflict as to the greater authority of the Crown or the Parliament over the management of the army. The writer of this pamphlet warns the country not to give over the subject of military education to the irresponsible management of the Horse Guards, but to keep it under the constitutional superintendence of the War Office.

Mr. Gainsford's pamphlet on Reformatory Schools is a zealous and intelligent appeal in behalf of these institutions, in which their advantages, both to the inmates and to the country at large, are amply demonstrated. The writer objects, however, to the Government Bill on the subject, believing that more real good will be accomplished by local and voluntary efforts than by public grants and official management. When magistrates and ratepayers, as well as philanthropists, perceive the great benefits resulting from these schools, self-interest will combine with benevolence in establishing them where most needed, and in managing them properly; whereas public rates, and the superintendence of officials from a central board, would discourage private charity, and prevent the watchful care of magistrates, justices, and other local functionaries, who would otherwise be the natural guardians of the schools.

It was lately announced in the French papers that swimming schools were to be established for the army. Private schools of the kind have long flourished on the Seine, and on many other waters of the Continent, but they have not been introduced in our island, though Franklin long ago urged their establishment. The possession of the art of swimming has been left almost entirely to unaided personal effort. There is no question as to the utility of making this more systematically a branch of juvenile education. Mr. Richardson's treatise contains ample directions, as far as they can be set down on paper, for acquiring confidence and skill in the art. Many lives are lost every year, when the slightest knowledge and experience would have prevented the calamity. Mr. Richardson tells not only how to learn swimming for ordinary purposes of health and recreation, but also gives directions how to proceed under circumstances of peculiar difficulty or danger. In the naval schools swimming is taught, though not in so systematic a way as might be expected. It would be well if instruction in swimming were more generally introduced in ordinary schools, and the example recently set in France may suggest that our soldiers should also be taught to excel in an art which may

be turned to good account for public service, as well as for personal benefit.

#### List of New Books.

Ainsworth's (W. H.) *Old St. Paul's*, 12mo, boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.  
 Bell's (M.) *Deeds not Words*, 12mo, boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.  
 Bloomfield's *Farmer's Boy*, crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.  
 Broom's (H.) *Practice of County Courts*, 8vo, boards, 2nd edit., £1 8s.  
 Busen's (R.) *Gasometry*, translated by H. E. Roscoe, illust., 8s. 6d.  
 Collegians, *The (Railway Library)*, 12mo, boards, 1s. 6d.  
 Cox's *Railway Library*, 12mo, boards, 2s.  
 Concordance of the *Prayer Book*, Version of the Psalms, 16mo, 2s.  
 Foote's *Closing Scenes in the Life of Christ*, crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.  
 Going Home, 2nd edit., 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.  
 Gore's (Mrs.) *Two Aristocrats*, 3 vols., post 8vo, cloth, £1 11s. 6d.  
 Hamilton's (Rev. J.) *Our Christian Classics*, vol. 1, post 8vo, cl., 4s.  
 Read's (H. E.) *Redemption*, 8vo, cloth, 2nd edit., 7s. 6d.  
 Horace, *Odes*, trans. into English Verse, by R. W. O'Brien, 2s. 6d.  
 Industrial and Social Condition of Women, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.  
 James's (G. P. R.) *Leonora D'Orco*, 3 vols., post 8vo, cl., £1 11s. 6d.  
 Job Morbid's *Pilgrimage*, post 8vo, cloth, 4s.  
 Kurtz's *Bible and Astronomy*, translated by Simonson, 18mo, 7s. 6d.  
 Life's Problems, 12mo, cloth, 4s. Life, 12mo, cloth, 4s.  
 Lives of Philip Howard and Anne Dacres, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.  
 Logie's (W.) *Sermons*, &c., of the Church, 12mo, cloth, 5s.  
 Love's (Rev. J.) *Memorials*, vol. 1, 8vo, cloth, 6s.  
 March's *Right Choice*, crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.  
 Miller's (H.) *Testimony of the Rocks*, 8vo, cloth, new edit., 7s. 6d.  
 Monthly Packet, vol. 13, foolscap, cloth, 4s.  
 Mur's (W.) *Greece*, 8vo, cloth, vol. 5, 18s.  
 Music of a Pilgrim at Jacob's Well, 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.  
 Our College, post 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.  
 Pictures of the Heavens, 12mo, cloth, 10s. 6d.  
 Richter's *Lord's Prayer*, illustrated, folio, boards, 6s. 6d.  
 Rooke's *Channel Islands*, 2nd edit., post 8vo, 6s.  
 Sabbath Lays, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.  
 St. John in the Wilderness, 18mo, cloth, 2s.  
 Stories for Young Servants, 18mo, cloth, 2s.  
 Sydenham Sibbad, illustrated by K. Meadows, 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.  
 Taylor's (J.) *Theory of Angles*, 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.  
 Thomson's (H. B.) *Choice of a Profession*, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.  
 Tom Brown's *School Days*, 2nd edit., crown 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.  
 Weld's (C. R.) *Vacations in Ireland*, post 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.

#### ARTICLES AND COMMUNICATIONS.

##### PHOTOGRAPHY IN TENERIFFE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—Having heard recently from my father, Admiral Smyth, that you were interested in the little that I did in the photographic way last summer in Teneriffe, and on account of the altitude of the stations,—that expressed reason so precisely opened up what I found to be a very important feature in the proceedings, and I may say in Nature, that I wished immediately to write you off a note, and should have done so, but for the necessity of first completing the full report on the whole expedition for Government. This, however, being now accomplished, I am quite free to answer your queries on the effects of height in photography.

My photographic experiences in Teneriffe were 1 month at the sea level, 1 month at the altitude of 8900 feet, 20 days at the altitude of 10,700 feet, and 1 day at the height of 12,200 feet. This last day was spent on the summit of the Peak, and the success of the photographs was so greatly impeded by the continual jetting out of watery and sulphuric vapours from every portion of the small crater which forms the summit, that I leave it out of the present question. Taking the other three stations, the average times of getting a good picture of a standard subject, in average illumination, were represented by 7 at the sea level, 5 at the 8900 feet station, and 3 at the 10,700 feet station. These different periods of duration, however, by no means express the whole improvement with altitude; for on looking over the whole collection of about 150 pictures, I find that the intensity and power of those at 10,700 feet is eminently greater than of those at 8900, and these again are far superior to those at the sea level. Further still, I find that there are remarkable facilities in the upper regions of the atmosphere for procuring the detail of distant objects. Thus, over and over again, at 10,700 feet I have obtained on the collodion plate the bushes, and the stratification, and even the cleavage of the rocks forming a chain of mountains four miles distant. But at the level of the sea, with a similar range of mountains, and at the same distance, and trying it when to the eye the sun was most vigorously bringing out the marking of the ravines and the clefts of the rocks, I could never get anything but the outline of the mountain, filled up by an even tint. With objects close by, there

was at the same time and place as much photographic as optical detail; but aerial perspective or dimness seemed to increase so much more rapidly for the actinic than the luminous rays, that four miles of air produced with the former as much scattering effect as forty miles would with the latter. Hence while there was an increase of rapidity on the mountain, and an improvement also in intensity, there was found to be a power with distances of procuring that which is altogether impossible near the level of the sea.

I have guarded myself as much as possible from giving the results in absolute terms for any station, as that would at once include the special sensitiveness of the particular compound employed, as compared with what other persons employ. Differential determinations for altitude are all that I attempted to obtain; and to this end I used the same chemicals and the same apparatus through the whole period. I have reason to think that the collodion was not so sensitive as it might have been; but that it was respectable, a very fair representation of the surf on the beach at Orotava, taken in about a quarter of a second, sufficiently testifies.

Requesting your acceptance of a couple of specimens of photographs taken at a vertical height of more than two miles in the air, I remain, &c.  
 C. PIAZZI SMYTH.

1, Hillside Crescent, Edinburgh, June 9, 1857.

\*\*\* We have inspected with much pleasure the two photographs forwarded to us by Professor Piazz Smyth, accompanied by a third, taken at a comparatively low altitude. The two alluded to in the Professor's letter are of considerable geological interest. One view, taken at the height of 10,700 feet, represents a portion of the Malpais, or broken lava stream of stony augite. This stream of lava, we believe, is the largest on the island, and has been described by geologists as being heaped up in dykes or embankments, over which the traveller is obliged to clamber as one ascends a steep wall. The lava is stated to be porphyritic, with large masses of felspar, not covered with a thick scoria, apparently never having been in a very fluid state, but to have rolled along in large masses. The whole composition of the stream is of felspar embedded in a brown clayey paste, remarkably hard, of a close texture, and heavy. The breadth of the stream is above two miles, and it contains ravines from 60 to 100 feet deep. Of these appearances the photograph before us is a most remarkable illustration. The view is taken across the stream of lava, and with the help of the stereoscope, a succession of four, at least, of these ridges are distinctly marked, bearing all the traces of the phenomena above described. Each dyke bristles with irregular masses of felspar embedded in its surface, and the whole scene is savage and inhospitable to the last degree. Higher up, at an elevation of 11,000 feet, another view has been taken of the entrance to the ice caverns, a spot called La Cueva, where is a cave filled with snow and most delicious water. The rocks here present an appearance of partial vitrification. Some exhibit an union with the pumice, and the gradation from the stony structure to the vitrified, and thence to pumice. Veins of volcanic matter formed under different conditions of heat and pressure run through the mass. This photograph is of beautiful sharpness. Two ridges of rocks vitrified at the upper edges are seen, and then the face of the cliff in which lies the entrance to the caverns. The fact of the colour being not so deep as in the former is accounted for by the circumstance of the day having been cloudy. The third photograph gives a scene in the cultivated part of the island, near Orotava. The dragon-tree (*Dracena draco*), with its smooth stem, terminated by forked clusters of thick boughs, each tufted at the extremity, is a rare and interesting feature, characteristic at once of a tropical region. It is impossible to witness the effect of these specimens without being struck with the important bearings of this wonderful art upon geological and botanical science. We congratulate the Scottish Astronomer Royal on being one of the first to apply the stereoscope to the dignified re-

searches of physical science, whilst our shop-windows are crowded with subjects which are either trivial and silly on the one hand, or else appeal to the vulgar tastes. The example will doubtless be extensively followed, to the spread of accurate knowledge, with the lasting benefits which arise from such acquisitions.

#### THE FELLAHEEN.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Goorneh (Thebes), April 10th.

IN natural intelligence and quickness of perception, within certain limits, the Fellaheen of Egypt will compare advantageously not only with most races in the same general condition of semi-civilization as themselves, but with the peasantry of those countries which, in this respect at least, stand so much higher in the scale. Circumstances have developed various grades of acuteness among them; and while there may not be any dull and stolid as a class, even in the number of those who live in the most sequestered situations, the dwellers in certain parts of the country have their wits much more keenly, and in precise proportion, discredibly sharpened than others. Of these last, the most prominent types are the villages in the neighbourhood of the necropolis of Memphis, and those in or around the necropolis of Thebes, who, from the operation of similar causes, have attained the same doubtful pre-eminence.

It might naturally be expected that everywhere throughout a land where the people are serfs and governed by a rule so unscrupulously corrupt in its local administration—it might naturally be expected that astuteness, if not absolutely crushed out by the hopelessness of despair, or deadened by the heaviness of innate stupidity, would not fail to develop itself strongly under such fostering influence as the rampant dishonesty of those endowed with the authority of an executive. But the peasants of Geezeh, and Goorneh in particular, have of late years had an additional course of training. Dwelling in the midst of the most remarkable of the remains, they were brought more in contact with European visitors, and with what Lycurgus would have called the moral poison which money brings along with it. They began to find, too, that the tombs around them might yield a source of considerable gain; and, accordingly, they entered on a pursuit distinguished by two prominently demoralizing elements, since it was at once gambling and contraband—gambling, because success in discovery was exceedingly indefinite and uncertain; contraband, because the governors set over them professed to prohibit such attempts. And so they have gone on outwitting or bribing officials, but continuing to search for relics, outwitting each other, where possible, in the disposal of them, and more peculiarly and chiefly outwitting unwary strangers, when they can, in their dealings with them.

The constant practice of deceit, all but inevitably induced, has effected a complete perversion of moral sense as regards truthfulness or fidelity; and in various parts of the country, but especially at Goorneh, no statement made by a Fellah on the simplest question of fact is likely to be correct; and no attestation of it, however solemn, is necessarily accurate, if he has the slightest interest in misleading, conceives any of the extravagant suspicions to which he has too good reason to be prone, or imagines, according to his most tortuous judgment, that giving wrong information might positively, negatively, or remotely benefit him in any way whatever. Still, with all this contemptible cunning, the people at Goorneh are not very difficult to manage as a body of workmen, for their schemes of deception, lying as it were on the surface, may, for the most part, be easily detected; while they are forgiving, goodnatured, and docile, trusting, although not always I regret to add successfully, looking to the stranger for just treatment, which they experience hardly in name from the rulers set in authority over them. But, on the other hand, the most ardent professions are

scarcely to be repaid with anything like confidence. Honesty among the class in question is, in fact, all but an unknown virtue. I do not mean that thievery, in the common signification of the term, was universal, for I am glad to say that I was never aware of any ordinary piece of property being stolen; but I have had constant reason to be familiar with attempts at cheating and deception in every form which the circumstances admitted. Diogenes in search of a very reduced standard indeed, would wander among the Fellaheen of Goorneh in vain. He might perhaps find rare instances of fidelity springing from a sentiment of gratitude, but I doubt if he would meet in that community with a single case of honesty arising from principle. Nor is this the worst. It is commonly said, that honour among thieves is a redeeming feature in their character; but that is wanting to the Goorneh men, for they are often treacherous towards each other, the prospect of contingent personal advantage outweighing the ties of complicity and occasionally of relationship.

In religion they retain little more than the strong fatalism of their faith, and the conventional waiting on Providence which induces a digger among the tombs, if asked as to his success, to return the stereotyped answer, "God will send." The ordinary outward observances they seem completely to neglect, never, so far as I could perceive, visiting the mosque in the neighbouring town of Luxor; and I have no recollection of ever seeing one of them engaged in the prescribed formality of daily prayer, which elsewhere in the country is so commonly attended to. Not certainly that these evidences of irreligion could be plainly said to be indicative of, or produced by, their perverted *morale*. For Muslim prayer is a barren formula, a mere act of obedience, rather than a contrite offering or aspiration after better things; and some of the most accomplished graduates in the arts of deceit that I have met with in the East, were rigidly devout in performing their frequently recurring devotions—an anomaly, unfortunately, by no means confined to their race and faith. But the difference is this, that while in the one case the religious exercises may be themselves a deception, the Mohammedan, especially of the lower grade, although also very familiar with the vice of hypocrisy, does not *himself* seem to think that repeating his prayers is incompatible or inconsistent with untruthfulness and roguery.

Their mode of living is simplicity itself, their dwellings, their dress, and their food being of the most primitive kind. The outer rock-cut chambers of the tombs, in conjunction with mud erections in front, serve them as abodes, and these they share with the few cattle which the richer of them possess—the sheep, goats, dogs, fowls, and pigeons, which always go to constitute the household. A heap or two of thick *dhoora* straw, some earthen pots, and cupboards of sun-baked clay, would complete the inventory of the furnishings of an ordinary habitation, the luxury of raised beds formed of a frame-work of palm branches being of rare occurrence. The dress of the men is merely a waistcloth, or cotton trousers, and a loose sack garment, either of cotton or woollen material—the nearly universal costume of the country—which reaches to their heels, has a hole for the head to slip through, and wide pendant sleeves. This last, however, is always laid aside when the wearer has to engage in any active work. The head is protected by a dirty brown felt skull-cap, the red *tarboosh* not being possessed by all, and for the most part only being used, along with the turban, as holiday attire.

The clothing of the women is in essentials pretty much the same as, and not more complex than, that of the men, only the outer garment is scarcely so voluminous, and instead of a cap the head is covered by a shawl with flowing ends, one of which is arranged to conceal the face when passing a stranger. In their persons they are very uncleanly, although they are not the less fond of ornament; and long matted hair will have its greasy plaits looped up with pendants of shells or mother-of-pearl, glass beads, coins, or bangles of

silver. Nose-rings of silver or brass are common; ear-rings universal, and when from poverty or illiberality on the part of the husband they cannot be procured of some more precious metal, they are worn of thin beaten brass, at a cost of not more than a farthing a piece. Necklaces of variegated glass beads are equally popular, and to most of them is attached an amulet or two of some coloured stone, as onyx or cornelian, which are usually heirlooms, and looked upon as the most precious of possessions by their wearers, to whom they have been handed down as invaluable aids to the attainment of the dignity of maternity, without which an eastern woman is held in contempt, and will probably be divorced. Other necklaces, to be seen occasionally at Goorneh, but more frequently in Nubia, consist of cloths strung upon threads, and intermixed at intervals with one or two large beads. I once obtained one precisely similar from an uncoffined mummy of a person evidently in poor circumstances, which was exhumed from a sand-heap in course of one of my excavations near the Temple of Der el Bahri. The presence of cloths with the ancient body was very remarkable, but I mention the circumstance here as one of the instances of unbroken descent of fashion and practice in matters so simple.

An equally curious example of unvaried permanence of form in ornament is furnished by another adornment for the neck, not infrequent here as well as elsewhere in the country. It is a hoop of brass or silver wire, in the latter case as thick in the middle as a half-inch rod, and tapering slightly towards the ends, which link together by hook and eye, thus completing the circle. I possess an almost identical object in bronze from a mummy, and several of the same general form are preserved in collections. Their analogy with the torques of western Europe is striking, although, from the simplicity of the design, not very surprising; and one or two of these latter have been recorded which fastened also in the same obvious manner. It is, however, curious, that the modern name of the ornament, as now used in Egypt, is *hook*.

Bracelets are greatly coveted, and few women want several. They are of various kinds, the ruder being simply circles of horn, or of massive ivory, which are much more valuable. Others consist of beads; but the most interesting, and also the most common, are those of metal, in which are preserved various beautiful archaic designs. The wealthier inhabitants of the towns have these in gold, but at Goorneh they are only to be seen of silver or of brass. Their shape is penannular, the flexibility of the metal sufficing to allow the ends to pass over the wrist, which then close. Sometimes they are plain, but for the most part they represent strands of cord entwined into various plaits and twists, expanding into square ends bristling with short blunt spikes. Others are flat hoops, an inch and a half broad, having the surface covered with raised patterns, not inelegant in outline if rough in finish.

Anklets of the same penannular character, but quite plain, except that the ends are beaten into cubes, are confined to a few. If of silver, they are very heavy; if of iron, which, however, is mostly limited to children, they are little more than pieces of bent wire. And indeed swarms of little imps of both sexes are constantly running about perfectly naked, with nothing artificial upon their bodies except a tolerable coating of dirt, an iron anklet, and a string round the neck sustaining a little ball of leather, in which a sentence from the Koran is rolled up as a safeguard against the evil eye.

Finger rings, which are almost never wanting, are coarse and clumsy, and although sometimes of silver, are rarely of more valuable workmanship than pieces of coloured glass set roughly in brass.

It will of course be understood that the various ornaments to which I have alluded are those in common and constant use by a peasant population. In the towns, and particularly in the capitals, the inmates of harems are adorned with far more costly objects; and the wife even of a man whose means of subsistence may amount to a sum like forty or fifty pounds of our money a year, will probably possess jewellery equal in value to three, four, or five



times her husband's annual income—this being one of the ways of storing realized funds. Even at Goorneh, for aught that I know, the Shekh's, or one or two other families, may have some few richer decorations used on the gala occasions of a marriage; but the ornaments which I have described are parts of the invariable costume. The women never divest themselves of these in any of the occupations of their daily life, such as carrying water from the well, baking bread, or kneading the manure of cattle into cakes for fuel, an employment still more incongruous with bracelets, necklaces, and rings.

Besides these duties, a little sewing, and twisting wool into thread with the hand-spindle, they have almost no other household work to perform, for the dietary is generally so simple as not to require any of the preparation of cooking. It consists almost entirely of bread, milk, and raw vegetables, chiefly onions, rarely accompanied by any sort of animal food. Although not altogether confined to festive occasions, this last is not often to be seen among them except at such times, and then also unleavened cakes sodden with butter, and coffee are added to the feast. In short they live as frugally as the peasantry of most hot climates and many colder ones, partly perhaps from the practice of former less prosperous times, partly from the adaptive dictates of nature, but certainly not from present necessity. For nearly all of them are the owners of such live stock as I have mentioned, and they all have a portion of land in the fruitful valley, which now yields them so good a return in consequence of the great rise in the value of agricultural produce, amounting to fifty per cent., or even more, within ten or twelve years, that few of the more active *fellaheen* are without a hoard of coin, in some cases it is believed by no means inconsiderable, which they bury or conceal in some equally efficient manner. Many have added to their stores by the proceeds of successful finds of antiquities which they may have been so fortunate as to make.

They have usually large families of children; but except the Shekhs, who can afford to have three or the full complement of four, they are obliged to be content, for the most part, with one wife, on the score of expense. This is the limit; for the possession of corresponding means of maintenance proportionally widens the circle of their conjugal affections, which easily become so comprehensive and elastic as to expand even beyond the prescribed boundary.

Though far from devoid of the natural desire of acquisition, these *fellaheen*, with the bare necessities of existence, spend their lives in general if fitful contentment, or perhaps it might be more correct to say, in unintelligent indifference. Subject to blows, insults, robbery, at the hand of every man in authority, they are depressed for the moment like the beaten hound, but let the pressure pass away, and, still like the poor beast, they are speedily again light-hearted and merry. There is not now the callousness of the helpless, it is the abject degradation of soul ingrained through long generations of serfdom. But they are not altogether insensible to their position, still less so to their wrongs; and in their evening conclaves, the shrewd among them will at times illustrate the sad topic in the favourite oriental fashion, by some such parable as the following, which was very popular at Goorneh.

It happened once that a Sultan captured a majestic lion, which it pleased him to keep for his royal pleasure. An officer was appointed especially to have in charge the well-being of the beast, for whose sustenance the command of his highness allotted the daily allowance of six pounds of meat. It instantly occurred to the keeper that no one would be a bit the wiser were he to feed his dumb ward with four pounds, and dispose of the remaining two for his own benefit. And this he did, until the lion gradually lost his sleekness and vigour, so as to attract the attention of his royal master. There must be something wrong, said he; I shall appoint a superior officer to make sure that the former faithfully does his duty.

No sooner was the plan adopted, than the first goes to his new overseer, and convincing him very readily that if the proceeds of two pounds be conveyed to their pockets, the meat will be far better employed than in feeding the lion, they agree to keep their own counsel and share the profit between them. But the thirst of the new comer soon becomes pleasantly excited by the sweets of speculation. He talks the matter over with his subordinate, and they have no difficulty in discovering that the lion might very well be reduced to three pounds a day.

Drooping and emaciated, the poor beast pines in his cage, and the Sultan is more perplexed than before. A third official shall be ordered, he declares, to inspect the other two; and so it was. But they only wait for his first visit to demonstrate to him the folly of throwing away the whole of six pounds of meat upon the lion, when with so little trouble they could retain three, being one apiece for themselves. In turn his appetite is quickened, and he sees no reason why four pounds should not be abstracted from his ward's allowance. The brute, he tells his colleagues, can do very well on two, and if not, he can speak to nobody in complaint, so why need we lose the gain? And thus the lion, reduced to starvation point, languishes on, robbed and preyed upon by the overseers set to care for him, whose multiplication have but added to his miseries.

Such is the quaint simile; but to render it intelligible to those who do not know the nature of local administration in Egypt, it will be necessary to indicate the outline of the system. In each village a Shekh, a native, as it were presides, through whom are transmitted, and in great measure executed, the various orders of superiors, connected with taxation, public labour, levies, and, in short, all the functions of government. Over every group of villages is a Kasheff, a Turkish officer, in some cases, however, having a different title. In wider districts still, a Nazer perambulates, to inspect the Kasheffs, as his name implies; and above the Nazers a Moodir sits in each of what may be termed three provinces, which are in turn under the control of a Pacha residing at Osioot, who rules over the whole of Upper Egypt. With the two higher grades, the ordinary *fellaheen* do not come much in contact, except on special occasions connected with criminal or military business; but they shrewdly suppose that these, having bought their own offices, sell those immediately beneath, the price for which is only to be wrung from one source. As for the Nazers and Kasheffs, their periodical visits afford very palpable reason for ascertaining the extent and nature of their capacity for *backsheesh*. But the cormorant whose greed is most despicable, and whom the *fellaheen* most peculiarly hate, although in secret, is their own fellow, often their own kinsman, the *Shekh-bellé*. It is of course impossible to tell whether all of this class, as of any class, deserve unconditional reprobation, but whenever it has happened to me to know anything of them they are universally detested and detestable. Nor is this difficult to understand, for their extortions, although they may not always be very great in amount, come peculiarly home to the sufferers. Is government labour to be allotted?—bribes to him may relieve those who are able or willing to pay. Does the Kasheff come for the taxes before they are ready?—delay is perhaps purchased by a present of three or four hundred piastres to him, and in raising this from his people the Shekh will lay on another hundred for his own use. Is a certain amount of provisions ordered from the village for military stores, or any other public purpose?—the Shekh in collecting it will take care to have a considerable picking for himself.

Neither is this sliding-scale of rulers the only leech with which the *fellaheen* are familiar. The military police, the *askar*, whom I have elsewhere described, will, when in their neighbourhood, come and live upon them at free quarters, afterwards seizing their horses or donkeys in the midst of work, to ride on to the next village, there turning them adrift. The surveyor, who marks out the line of canals which, for the general good, have annu-

ally to be cut, has also a palm to be crossed to secure a favourable or equitable apportionment of labour to the given village. And so it goes on, wherever there is public duty to be performed or authority to be perverted. In fact, the one feature of the system of corruption appears to be its consistent completeness; and it is not to be wondered at that the *fellaheen* should perceive in the multiplicity of his guardians only so many craving mouths to be fed. Thus, too, when all are supposed to be recipients, who is to listen to the complaint of the spoiled? and hence in the apologue of the lion—deafness on the part of those who should hear is transmuted into the correlative equivalent of dumbness on the part of those who might speak.

The late Mohammed Ali has the traditional credit of having tried with the vigour that characterised him to uproot this pervading rottenness, and several manifestations of his stern justice against offenders are remembered, but he either grew tired of the struggle, or was defeated by the constant and hopeless current. The experiment will surely one day be renewed, since any government, even should it not care to look beyond its own interest, cannot fail to perceive that the evil rebounds upon itself with a weight second only to that with which it falls upon the people. For the productive resources of the country are tapped at their very fountain, are drained off hither and thither, as they filter through the filthy banks along which they must flow; and who shall be surprised if, notwithstanding the blessings of climate, fertility, and position, they should attain only the dimensions of a languid and uncertain stream?

A. HENRY REID.

#### GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

THOSE who have been looking for the new volume expected from Mr. Tennyson will learn with regret that its publication has been postponed. The laureate, we believe, has come to the conclusion that he has written too little for an independent publication, and, although the poems have now for some time been in print, their appearance is to be delayed till they can be accompanied by others.

The Museum of the Department of Science and Art in South Kensington will be opened to private view on Monday, from twelve till six o'clock, and on Tuesday evening, lighted up, from nine till eleven o'clock; and on and after Wednesday it will be opened both in the day time and in the evening to the public. The Committee of Council on Education have decided upon this arrangement, in order to give those who are engaged during the day an opportunity of making the museum a source of agreeable and instructive evening recreation. In addition to the collections of sculpture, architecture, ornamental art, patented inventions, &c., the Sheepshanks' gallery of pictures will, for the first time, be publicly exhibited.

M. De Lesseps has invited the attendance of gentlemen interested in the route to India, at a meeting to be held on Wednesday at the London Tavern, to receive a statement of his explanations relative to the proposed Ship Canal across the Isthmus of Suez. The chair will be taken at one o'clock by Sir James Duke, M.P.

The Newdigate prize at Oxford for the best English poem on the "Temple of Janus" has been awarded to Mr. Philip Stanhope Worsley, Scholar of Corpus Christi College. The Chancellor's prize, annually given for an English essay, has been awarded to Mr. Henry Stewart Cunningham, B.A., of Trinity College; subject, "Comparison of the Moral Results of the Grecian and Egyptian Mythology." Mrs. Denyer's theological prizes are gained by the Rev. R. Bartlett, M.A., Fellow and Junior Lecturer of Trinity College, for the best essay "On the Social Duties of Christians," and by the Rev. Henry Boyd, B.A., of Exeter College, for the best essay "On the manifestations of Divine Justice and Mercy in the Atonement."

The following papers have been selected for being read in the Sections of the Educational Congress,



which commences its meeting on Monday, at Willis's Rooms, under the presidency of Prince Albert. In Section A, the Bishop of Oxford chairman: On Juvenile Delinquency, by Miss Carpenter of Bristol; on the Evidence afforded by the Reports of her Majesty's Inspectors as to the early age at which children are taken from school, by the Rev. Moses Mitchell, one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools; on the same subject, with reference to Schools not under Government Inspection, by Mr. Flint, Organizing Master of the National Schools; on the Age at which the Children of the Mining Population begin Work, by Mr. Herbert Mackworth, Inspector of Mines; on the Results of the Educational Census, by Mr. W. H. Hyett; on the Results of Returns from Birmingham, by Mr. Goodman, Chairman of the Birmingham Educational Institute. In Section B, Lord Lyttleton chairman: On the Age at which Children leave the Elementary Schools in various Countries of Europe, by Mr. Joseph Kay; on the Schools of Germany, by the Rev. F. C. Cook, Prebendary of St. Paul's. In Section C, Sir J. Kay Shuttleworth chairman: On the Result of Prize Schemes, by the Rev. Nash Stevenson; and on Prize and Certificate Schemes, by Mr. Seymour Tremenheere. In Section D, the Very Rev. H. P. Hamilton, Dean of Salisbury, chairman: On the Operation of the Half-Time System in Factories, by Mr. Alexander Redgrave, Inspector of Factories; on Voluntary Half-Time Schemes, by the Rev. C. H. Bromley, Principal of Cheltenham Training College; on Industrial Training, as an adjunct to School Teaching, by Mr. J. J. Symons; on Civil Service Competition as a means of promoting Education, by Mr. Horace Mann; on Factory Education, by the Rev. P. Marshall; and on the Dwellings of the Working Classes, and the projected Extension of the Electoral Classes, in relation to Education, by the Rev. E. Girdlestone, Canon of Bristol. The Sections will hold their meetings on Tuesday, at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's-street. On Wednesday, a final meeting will be held at Willis's Rooms, to receive the reports of Sections, Prince Albert presiding.

The Guildhall library, which has for some years past been a sort of literary crypt for the sepulture of a valuable collection of antiquated works of reference, and of such additional new books as could be interred within its presses, through the liberal expenditure of 200*l.* a year, is to be made partially available for lending. There are few members of the corporation who have either leisure or inclination to go and sit reading in the rooms at Guildhall, and few who will not readily avail themselves of the privilege of taking books home. Through the zeal of the chairman, Mr. Charles Hogg, a motion was recently carried in the committee to present a report to the city council, praying that a portion of the books might be taken home by the members, and the recommendation has been agreed to without a dissentient voice. We may here suggest to the city magnates that the next step in the way of intellectual reform is to establish a free library for the use of the thousands of young men engaged in business in the metropolis and looking forward to becoming citizens of renown, and a museum for the preservation of the numerous historical relics of old Londonium, which are turned up in every direction while digging sewers and foundations, and appropriated by the omnivorous archaeologists of other cities. A nucleus for the establishment of such a museum was formed, we believe, in the Guildhall library, with the Roman antiquities found in excavating the foundation of the Royal Exchange, but no steps have been taken for adding to it, on the plea of "want of room." We trust that the library committee will bestir themselves in the matter, and urge upon the council to make room elsewhere. The city of Liverpool will in due course of time be renowned as possessing the finest collection of British-found Roman and Anglo-Saxon antiquities in the country; why should London remain any longer in the rear of all scientific and historical research?

The well-known collection of works of Ancient and Mediæval Art, formed by F. Böccke, Esq., has

been this week sold by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson. Though numbering only 137 lots, the specimens realized 1895*l.*, among which the principal were the following: a Greek Prize Vase of Diota form, a masterpiece of classical art, with spirited handles, consisting of the head and claw of a griffin, 71*l.*; a painting in fresco, from Herculaneum, representing a Muse seated adorned with laurel, 45*l.*; Roman Mosaic, of the Augustan period, 15*l.* 15*s.*; Gold Ring, of the 14th century, 10*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; Etruscan Tripod, of a remote period, the top is a vessel of circular form, with broad rim supported by arched rods, on the top of which are the heads and half-bodies of two horses joined, 85*l.*; bronze gilt draped figure of Ceres, of the purest Athenian work, 37*l.*; a bronze candelabrum, of the finest Greek work, in fine preservation, 157*l.* 10*s.*; unique Etruscan Vase, having the surface exquisitely chased and inlaid with enamel of various colours, 100*l.*; an antique gold figure of Mars, 26*l.*; Egyptian figure of a Priest of the Ptolemaic period, 20*l.*; an exquisitely carved and painted ivory Diptych of the 13th century, 61*l.*; an ivory Diptych, representing the Death of St. Catharine and another saint, by Albert Durer, 40*l.*; a carved ivory tankard, by Peter Fischer, 41*l.*; an elaborate gold enamelled and jewelled ornament of the 16th century, 147*l.*; the stiletto of Cardinal Francesco Barberini, 31*l.*; a carved ivory box of Louis XIV., 19*l.* 10*s.*; Roman bronze sword with handle, beautifully patinated, 20*l.* 10*s.*; bronze spear-head, found in a bog at Ballygowan, County Down, 11*l.* 11*s.*; a bronze warlike horn, 1551, 12*l.*; a gold Saxon Fibula, 20*l.*; an embossed and gilt steel helmet of the 16th century, 36*l.*; a Limoges Diptych of the 15th century, 19*l.* 10*s.*; a magnificent Limoges Tazza and Cover, by Pierre Remond, the figures of light grey on a black ground, 121*l.*; a crystal vase, the form of a bird, the wings of silver, of the 16th century, 36*l.*; a crystal chalice and cover, of the 16th century, 44*l.*; a cup, in yellow topaz, by Valerio Vincentio, 40*l.*; a chalice of rhinoceros horn, mounted in gold, 34*l.*; a chasing, of the 16th century, of a stag resting, 20*l.*; a bronze medallion, by Hans Sibald Beham, 29*l.* 5*s.*; Psalterium Davidis, two beautifully illuminated manuscripts of the 14th century, 32*l.* and 40*l.* A series of dramatic autographs, mostly letters of actors and actresses, embracing a period of nearly a century, illustrated with portraits, and bound in nine volumes, purple morocco, sold for 145*l.*

At a sale on Friday, at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's, some autographs and illustrated collections fetched good prices. Among the former was a letter of Byron and several of Nelson. That of Byron, dated from La Mira, near Venice, August 9th, 1817, commences—

"It has been intimated to me that the persons understood to be the legal advisers of Lady Byron, have declared 'their lips to be sealed up' on the causes of the separation between her and myself. If their lips are sealed up, they are not sealed up by me, and the greatest favour they can confer upon me will be to open them." It sold for 4*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Of the letters of Nelson the following may be cited:—Nelson to Mr. Suckling, off Minorca, June 20, 1795, expressing ardent desire to fall in with the enemy—

"God send us a good and speedy meeting. . . . Nothing could give me more pleasure than a good drubbing to them, and in *Agamemnon* we are so used to service that not a man in the ship but what wishes to meet them." 42*s.* 6*d.*

Nelson to Mr. Suckling, written Feb. 23, 1797, in the *Irresistible*, off Logos Bay, about a week after the action off Cape St. Vincent. After congratulations on Miss Suckling's marriage, he says:

"The event of the late battle has been the most glorious for England, and you will receive pleasure from the share I had in making a most brilliant day, the most so of any I know of in the annals of England. Nelson's patent bridge for boarding First-rates will be a saying never forgotten in this fleet, where all do me that justice I feel I deserve. The *Victory*, and every ship in the fleet passing the glorious group, gave me three cheers," &c. 4*l.*

Nelson to Lady Hamilton, Feb. 16, 1801:—

"Had I been Lord Spencer, I should have detached one Nelson as a much more likely man to come up with the enemy, and to beat them, than the man they have sent—Sir Robert Calder." In a postscript he says, "I would steal white bread rather than my god-child should want—I fear saying too much. I admire what you say of my god-child. If it is like its mother, it will be very handsome, for I think her one, eye, the most beautiful woman of the age. Now do

not be angry at my praising this dear child's mother, for I have heard people say she is very like." 42*s.* 6*d.*

Nelson to Lady Hamilton, written with the left hand, June 13, 1801, commences—

"My dearest only true friend; and you are true because I am, and I am because you are, we have no dirty interests." Speaking of a projected journey into Wales, he says, "but in the party there will be Mr. Greville, I am sure will be a stop to many of our conversations, for we are used to speak our minds freely of Kings and beggars, and not fear being betrayed." Concludes, "best regards to Mrs. Nelson." 42*s.* 2*s.*

Nelson to Lady Hamilton, written with the left hand (*Medusa*, off Calais, August 4, 1801), commences—

"My dearest Emma. Your kind and truly affectionate letters up to yesterday are all received. Ten times ten thousand thanks for them, and for your tender care of my dear little charge *Horatia*. I love her more dearly, as she is in the upper part of her face so like her dear good mother, who I love, and always shall with the truest affection." 43*s.* 10*s.*

Nelson to Lady Hamilton, written with the left hand (*Amazon*, Sept. 23, 1801), commences—

"My dear Emma, I received your kind letters last evening, and in many parts they pleased and made me sad; so life is chequered, and if the good predominates, then we are called happy. I trust the farm will make you more so than a dull London life. Make what use you please of it; it is as much yours as if you bought it. . . . The vagabond that stole your medal will probably be hanged unless Mr. Yarden will swear it is not worth forty shillings, which I dare say he may do with a safe conscience. I should not wish it to be brought into a Court of Law, as the extraordinary nature of the Medallion will be noticed." Recurring to the farm—"Whatever you do about it will be right and proper; make it the interest of the man who is there to take care I am not cheated more than comes to my share, and he will do it; *poco, poco*, we can get rid of bad furniture, and buy others: all will probably go to Bronté one of these days. I shall certainly go there whenever we get peace." 42*s.*

Nelson to Lady Hamilton, written with the left hand, *Amazon*, Dungeness, Oct. 3, 1801:—

"Your kind letters of Wednesday night and Thursday morning I have just received, and I should be too happy to come up for a day or two, but that will not satisfy me, and only fill my heart with grief at separating. Very soon I must give in, for the cold weather I could not bear: besides, to say the truth, I am one of those who really believe we are on the eve of peace. . . . I have had rather a begging letter from Norwich, but I cannot at present do anything. For I have nothing; but, my Emma, for heaven's sake never do you talk of having spent any money for me. I am sure you never have to my knowledge, and my obligations to you can never be repaid but with my life. Ever, for ever, yours faithful till death, NELSON AND BROSTE."

Nelson to Lady Hamilton, written with the left hand, *franked*, *Amazon*, Oct. 13, 1801:—

"Thank God, there is no more than nine days to the cessation of hostilities, after that they can have no pretence. My complaint is a little better, and you cannot think how vexed I am to be unwell at a time when I desire to come on shore, and to enjoy a good share of health. . . . I have this day received a curious letter from the Order of Joachim, in Germany, desiring to elect me Knight Grand Commander thereof. I shall send it to Mr. Addington, that he may give me his opinion, and obtain, if proper, the King's approbation—this is very curious." In a postscript: "Mr. Pitt has just been on board, and he thinks it is very hard to keep me now all is over. He asked me to dine at Walmer, but I refused. I will dine no where till I dine with you and Sir William. Ever, my dearest only friend, yours most affectionately, N. B." 42*s.*

Nelson to Alex. J. Ball, Esq., written with the left hand, *Victory*, Nov. 25, 1804, desiring intelligence of the Algerine fleet, which he is anxious to waylay and destroy:—

"If you can tell me that his cruisers have this year taken a single Maltese vessel, I will try and take or destroy his whole fleet. . . . but I will not strike unless I can hit him hard. . . . all or none is my motto." 42*s.*

The Oxford Commemoration of 1857 will be remembered as one of more than usual bustle and brilliancy, spite of many counter attractions in the height of the London season. A happy alternation of examinations and sports, granting graces and gaining cups, awarding academic prizes and proclaiming victories in boat races and cricket matches, has been kept up throughout the past week. The accessory entertainments of flower shows, and balls, and excursions, archaeological, architectural, social, and hilarious, are well known to all Oxford visitors at this season. On Wednesday, the 24th, the grand day of the festival of the Commemoration of founders and benefactors, after the university sermon at Magdalen College chapel, and the customary oration in the theatre by the public orator, honorary degrees of D.C.L. will be conferred on the following distinguished per-

sonages:—the Swedish ambassador, Baron Von Hochschild, the American Minister, Mr. Dallas, the Earl of Powis, Viscount Eversley, Sir John G. S. Lefevre, Sir G. Cornwall Lewis, Bart., Sir John Macneill, K.C.B., Sotherton Estcourt, Esq., and William Farr, Esq.

The attendance at the new reading-room of the British Museum continues to afford gratifying proof of the services that structure is conferring upon the studious, and of the urgent necessity that existed for its erection. Since its opening, the daily average of readers has risen from about 180 to upwards of 450, while the average of applications for tickets of admission has increased from 10 or 12 to nearly 50 a day.

We are informed that H.M.S. *Curacoa*, at present at Malta en route for England, has on board forty-seven packages of mosaics and other antiques, the fruit of the Rev. Mr. Davis's excavations at Carthage.

The University of Christiania has out of its funds commissioned Professor Sars to undertake a scientific journey of three months' duration, to investigate the marine fauna on the northern and Finnish coast; Herr Sophus Bugge, to spend two months in Thelernmarken and Sättersdal, to examine the old ballad poetry and proverb lore of those provinces; Herr Kjerfult, to pass two months in studying the geological structure of the south of Norway; and Dr. Danielsen, to make a zoological expedition through the north of Norway and Finland.

The only sister of the celebrated philosopher, Fichte, has just died in Berlin, at the advanced age of ninety-one.

Herr Fingerhut, a patriotic citizen of Prague, has offered a prize for an original drama in the Bohemian language, the subject to be taken from the history of the Bohemo-Slavic people. The principal prize consists in four hundred florins, to which are added two others, one of one hundred and the other of fifty florins. The award is not to be made before the 30th of May, 1889.

A grand celebration of the introduction of Christianity into Finland seven hundred years ago took place at Upsal on the 28th, 29th, and 30th of May.

The Pope has ordered that the diary and the minutes of the famous Council of Trent, together with the correspondence of sovereigns, nuncios, and prelates respecting it, shall be published. Heretofore these important documents have been kept in the archives of the Vatican out of the reach of the profane. They are said to possess great historical as well as religious interest.

Contributions to the proposed monument to Luther in the Cathedral of Worms begin to flow in freely from all the German states. Within the last few days four hundred florins have been contributed by the Grand Duke of Baden, accompanied by an autograph letter expressing his warmest sympathy and interest in the success of the work.

## FINE ARTS.

### EXHIBITION OF THE OLD MASTERS.

OUT of an assemblage of 171 pictures, rather larger in point of numbers than usual, there are only a few that can be considered to be of very striking interest in this year's Exhibition of the Works of the Old Masters. The leading features may at once be pronounced to be two or three Rembrandts, a splendid specimen of Canaletto, and some interesting portraits by Gainsborough. Many of the paintings are of well-known historical and traditional importance; and amongst the contributors the Duke of Northumberland ranks as about the largest. Earl De la Warr, Earl Spencer, the Earl of Leicester, Lord Enfield, Lord Overstone, and Mr. Cavendish, may also be mentioned as some of the most conspicuous in the value and interest of their loans, together with the Royal Academy.

Of the Italian schools, the earliest work in point of antiquity is doubtless the Giotto from Mr. Bromley's collection, *Our Saviour receiving the Soul of the Virgin* (64). This work is stated to

agree with Vasari's description of the picture once in the church of the Ognisanti at Florence, which was much praised by M. Angelo. It is painted in distemper on wood, and is a work of great importance in the number and expression of the figures that surround the death-bed of the Virgin. This is about two centuries earlier than any other work in the rooms.

A *Head of a Maiden* (26), from Lord Boston's gallery, is assigned to Ridolfo Ghirlandajo, the Florentine, and if by that artist, as there seems no reason to doubt, it should rank next in date; followed closely by Mr. Russell's *Virgin and Saints* (69), by Cima de Conegliano, and the highly interesting *Birth of St. John* (38), by Panormo, from the Duke of Northumberland's. This last is a work of much importance, for its careful composition and admirable execution in parts. From the same collection is the valuable likeness of *Sebastiano del Piombo* (7), by Il Rosso of Florence, painted circ. 1520, when the subject of the portrait was apparently about forty years of age.

A single Raphael graces the collection, a *Martyrdom of Saints* (23). If by the master, it must be one of his earliest efforts, when the traces of his first teacher's style were as yet uneffaced. The headless trunk lying in the foreground has a repulsive effect, and the executioner who brandishes the sword, wields it at a long distance from his kneeling victim.

By Caravaggio there are two subjects, *The Burial of St. Stephen* (40), a gloomy and powerful scene, and the *Card Players* (98), in the possession of the Right Hon. N. C. H. Hamilton, designed in the style of strongly contrasted light and shade with which all are familiar.

The Giorgione from the Royal Academy yields to none in the rooms for grandeur of expression and luminous richness of colour. The subject, a *Female at a Well* (41), will be an old acquaintance with many visitors, but it is a splendid acquisition to the collection. By Titian there are five subjects; two of them not very remarkable portraits, and one, a *Female Head* (37), a small study of fine execution; a fourth is a small replica of the *Venus and Adonis*; and the only adequate representative of the master is Mr. Cavendish's picture, *A Man with a Hawk* (11). This is nobly designed, and painted in a rich warm tone of colour. *The Holy Family* (10), by Bonifazio, and a *Schiavone* (65), are of the same school. There is a portrait by Tintoretto (76); and another (78) of considerable grandeur of conception, and painted in an uniform light tone of colour, by Domenico Tintoretto, the son. Centuries later, but in the same school, may be ranked Canaletto. A painting of *Henry the Seventh's Chapel* (150), in the possession of M. F. Tupper, Esq., proves that, with all his skill of drawing, the painter had never for one moment penetrated into the true feeling of Gothic tracery. In the view of the *Bridge of Verona* (158), however, the high accomplishments of this great artist are displayed in an extraordinary degree. The ripple on the water, it is true, is formal and conventional; but the warmth of light on the quays, bridge, and buildings, united to the faithful, life-like delineation of the city, with its famous swallow-tailed battlements, is a triumph of art.

Turning to the school of Bologna, we find little to attract special attention. A classically arranged scene representing the *Chastity of Susannah* (3), is a specimen of Ann. Carracci, as the admirably composed group of *Erminia and the Shepherd* is of Ludovico. Of four pictures by Guido none are at all distinguished; and much the same may be said of the specimens of Sassoferrato, Bolognese, and Guercino. By the latter master, however, a showy half-historical, half-mythical scene (4), representing *St. Louis di Gonzaga* abdicating his succession to the dukedom, and turning Jesuit, occupies a prominent position. The youth appears winged, as if ready to take flight at once from the steps of the altar to heaven, and the Jesuit approaches him in an attitude of worship. The courtly flattery of this scene is distasteful enough; but the grand design and the painting, particularly of the central figure, distinguish it.

By Domenichino there is a very remarkable landscape, *Diana and her Nymphs* (42), sent by Lord Enfield. The scene is evidently designed in the grandest manner known to the painter, who aims at the sublime of picturesque by rearing huge perpendicular masses of rock on the left of the picture, in the clefts of which appear huntmen and foresters. A similar abrupt peak breaks sharp out of the distant plain; a river winds far away to the horizon. In these scenes, intended to represent Arcadia or Latmos, but resting entirely on imagination—as remote from the truth as can well be—the goddess and her attendants are wandering. A figure of *David with the Head of Goliath* (52), by L. Spada, completes the examples of this school, of which it is highly characteristic, both in the expression of the Italian rather than Jewish David, and in the slaty colouring of the gigantic head. Of the schools of Parma and Naples there is little to be said. By Spagnoletto, however, a *Portrait of a Philosopher* (43) is in remarkably vivid contrast of light and shade; and *Tobit and the Angel* (53) is a fine scene by S. Rosa.

From Germany, there is nothing of older date than the portraits of children by Mabuse (78), described in the catalogue as *Henry VII.*, &c.; and the *Virgin and Child* (36), by Patenier. An Elzheimer, *The Death of Procris* (102), attracts attention for its minute execution, deep shades, and rich though somewhat uniform and flat flesh colouring.

Rubens is imperfectly represented by the *Return from the Chase* (86), from the Duke of Northumberland's, which, though grandly designed, has evidently been executed by inferior hands. There are two portraits, however, by him, and a very fine *Wolf Hunt* (162). Of three Vandyke portraits, the finest is that of *Rich. Earl of Holland*, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, who was beheaded in 1648. *Christ Betrayed* (12) may be studied as an instance of the influence of Rubens upon Vandyke's composition.

The pictures by Teniers and Snyders are not remarkable. It is far otherwise, however, with the famous portrait of *Rembrandt's Mother* (49), from the collection of Earl Spencer. This startling picture, which gives dignity and majesty to age and wrinkles, so unhesitating in its truthfulness, so tremendous in its withered ugliness, will be long remembered by all who witness its surprising power of delineation, though united to a coarseness which is revolting. Two other Rembrandts, the *Portrait of a Female* (87), and *Portrait of a Warrior* (89), from Mr. N. Hibbert's collection, are scarcely less effective. The subjects are here more favourable to the painter's art; and the bold, free gaze of the youth, and the sullen expression of the girl, are rendered with the truth of nature and the grandeur of the highest art.

The descent is great to the painful niceties of G. Dow in *The Dentist* (105), and the smooth Landscape of Poelenberg (75). A *Woody Landscape* (116) by Vandermere is a remarkable study, taken in the midst of the shades of a dark plantation. The instances of Steenwyck, Karl du Jardin, Lingelbach, Metz, Wouvermans, and Backhuysen are of the usual character. By Jan Steen there are two *Merry-makings* (70 and 117), well worth study by the lovers of the humorous. In the former case, a drunken Silenus of a Dutch boor is lifted upon a sort of throne, to whom the rest of the company pay their homage, and offer tributes with much mock respect and ill-assumed gravity. The *Landscape and Figures* (117) is also full of character and humour.

A *Landscape and Figures* (55), by Both, in the possession of Sir W. Gomm, is of unusual purity and lucidity of tone even for this favourite master; and there are good examples of Wynants, Berghem, Ruysdael, and Hobbins. A *View of Rome* (71) by Orizonte claims especial notice—whether in the splendid reach of the Campagna, which it displays, or in the exquisite gradation of distance, and admirable painting of remote parts.

The examples of Murillo, five in number, are not above the average. Amongst the works of the French school, however, an *Ordination of St. Denis* (8), by Le Sueur, is finely treated; though the saint



is turning his head somewhat ostentatiously to the spectator. There is also an important picture by Watteau, *A Pêche Champêtre* (143).

Finally, amongst contributions by artists of our own school there are two of Wilson's landscapes (138 and 147), which will always gratify the eye of true taste; and there are four portraits by Reynolds, none of them, if the truth must be told, very distinguished performances. Gainsborough's portraits, on the other hand, are numerous and unusually good. There is the famous *Dr. Johnson* (137); an extremely interesting portrait of *Thomas William Coke, Esq.* (145), ancestor of the Earl of Leicester; and another of *Paul C. Methuen, Esq.*, from whom we believe Lord Methuen traces his descent. The sky-blue silk dress will not fail to arrest the most careless eye, and naturally reminds the spectator of the still more celebrated *Blue Boy* of the Grosvenor Gallery. There is, lastly, a *Portrait of Ysatis the dancer* (166), which is not without interest, and of *Gainsborough Dupont* (142). West's picture of *Queen Eleanor suing for Pardon* (99) is more agreeable than many, showing much of his ingenuity and skill, and less of his faults. Northcote's *Hubert and Prince Arthur* (144) may be compared with it. The latter, though more shocking, is the more moving scene of the two. We notice also four excellent portraits of *Judge Garrow* (116), *West* (140), *Sir W. Beechey* (146), and *Mrs. H. Siddons* (153), by Harlow, and the portrait of *Laurence Sterne* (128), by Holme. Of English landscape there is barely a specimen beside the Wilsons above mentioned; and the only remaining picture which is likely to excite a visitor's interest is the remarkable *Conversazione at Wanstead House* (168), where a great number and variety of figures have been grouped together by J. F. Nollekens with taste and skill not inferior to Watteau or De Hooghe.

At a meeting on Tuesday of the Royal Academy, Mr. Pickersill was elected an Academician, and Mr. Dox an Associate Engraver.

The Commissioners appointed to consider the question of the site of the National Gallery, have come to the conclusion that Trafalgar-square is the most suitable and best; and there is every probability that their report will be confirmed by the decision of Parliament. We understand that Dean Milman was the sole dissident, and that Professor Faraday withheld giving his opinion either for or against South Kensington.

We are glad to learn that a scheme is on foot for organizing an annual exhibition of works of British Art in New York. The proposition promises well, considering the rapidly increasing demand for works of art in America; and that a national school of painting has yet to be founded amongst our Transatlantic friends. Mr. Augustus Ruxton, the original projector, it is stated, has already left London for the purpose, and it is proposed to open the first exhibition in October next. Every one who feels interest in art and artists must cordially approve the undertaking, which, in every point of view, appears to be a most happy idea. Mr. W. M. Rossetti is the secretary, to whom applications are invited to be made; and Mr. Frederick Madox Brown has consented to accompany the pictures to America. A guarantee fund of probably not less than 50,000*l.* is announced, the exhibiting artists to be relieved from all expenses of transport; but a moderate percentage is to be charged upon the sale price of any works that are disposed of out of the exhibition.

A sale of the works of the late Paul Delaroche has just taken place in Paris. *The Virgin amongst the Holy Women* fetched 1640*l.*; the *Martyrdom in the Time of Diocletian*, 1440*l.*; the *Hemicycle des Beaux Arts* (on a reduced scale) 1720*l.*; *Christ protecting the Afflicted*, 296*l.*; *A Female Mendicant*, 211*l.*; *Moses exposed on the Nile*, 128*l.* Several other paintings obtained good prices, as did also his drawings, especially those of his renowned pictures.

At a sale at Messrs. Christie and Manson's, on Saturday last, four pictures by Cooper fetched the following prices:—*A group of Cows and Sheep in a*

*Barn*, 145 guineas; *A Goatherd and Goats*, 175 guineas; *The Farm-Yard, with a Bull and two Goats*, 150 guineas; and a *Landscape, with three Cows*, 150 guineas. A charming picture, by Creswick, *The Quiet Lake*, sold for 200 guineas. Two pictures by David Roberts, *Interior of a Chapel in the Church of St. Jean, Caen*, 300 guineas; and an *Exterior View of Rouen Cathedral*, 110 guineas; and by Stanfield a *Harbour Scene*, with figures dismantling a wrecked Indianman, 180 guineas.

At Geneva a permanent exhibition of the Fine Arts is about to be opened, and the expenses of it are to be paid by public subscription.

An exhibition of the works of living artists at Grenoble is announced for the 15th of August.

At the Hague, the annual exhibition of the works of living artists is now open:—it consists of 726 works. Foreigners have contributed largely, but they are chiefly Belgian and French.

The Städel Museum of Art in Frankfurt has at last become too small for its constantly increasing collection, to the number of which every year additions are made. It has been therefore determined to erect an entirely new building on a grand scale, and a suitable plot of ground in the Bockenheimer Allée has been purchased for the purpose. The expenses of the building will be defrayed out of the funds of the institution.

Letters from Rome announce that the studio of Crawford, the celebrated American sculptor, is now entirely closed, and that there is little or no hope of his ever recovering the use of his eyesight, or even of being enabled to finish the very little that is required to complete his monument of Washington, which was last year cast in the royal foundry of Munich.

The inauguration of the monument to Winckelmann, which consists in a colossal bust, executed by Wolff, at the wish and expense of the ex-king of Bavaria, was celebrated at the Villa Albani in Rome, on the 28th of May. King Louis presided on the occasion, and was supported by upwards of one hundred of the German and other foreign literary and artistic residents of Rome. The king made a speech, recognising Winckelmann's great worth and valuable services to art: he was followed by Dr. Brun and Signor Visconti, deputed by the Roman Archaeological Association. The bust of Winckelmann was lighted up with Bengal fire.

From Rome we learn that the Colosseum, the *façade* of the Capitol, the triumphal arches and beautiful columns in the Forum, and all the ancient buildings and ruins seen from the palace of the Caesars, have been brilliantly lighted up with Bengal fire, by command of the Pope, in honour of the Dowager Empress of Russia. The effect, it is said, though transient, was magnificent. The Pope has presented his imperial visitor with two beautiful mosaic pictures from the celebrated Vatican factory, one representing the church and square of St. Peter's, the other a view of Tivoli, with the temple ruins.

Some time ago we announced that a gentleman, named Sauvgeot, had presented to the Museum of the Louvre at Paris a valuable collection of works of art, the result of many years' labour and of a large expenditure. The necessary deeds setting forth the donation having been executed, the Emperor has just decreed the formal acceptance of it by the Museum. At a very moderate estimate indeed the pecuniary value of the collection exceeds 23,000*l.* sterling.

The exhibition of the works of the late Paul Delaroche in Paris is closed; it has produced a larger sum than had been expected, but unfortunately the greater part of that sum has been swallowed up by the building of a saloon for the exhibition, and by incidental expenses. The drawings of the deceased artist, together with his collections of old paintings and engravings, are about to be sold by auction in Paris.

The casting in bronze of Professor Rietschel's colossal group of Goethe and Schiller, a detailed account of which has already appeared in our columns, took place at Munich on the 28th ultimo. Amongst those assembled to witness this interesting

event were Kaulbach the painter, Auerbach, Disgelist, and Carrière, and many others of the artistic, political, and fashionable notabilities of the day. When all was ready, the master of the foundry cried out, "Mit Gott fangen wir an" (Let us begin with God's blessing), and in a moment the glowing mass of fluid metal was in motion and rushing into the mould. It was a most exciting and anxious interval, till the master shouted "Vivat! der guss ist gelungen" (Hurrah! the casting is successful), and the words were hardly out of his mouth, when a thundering cheer from the spectators responded to the welcome news. A cheer for the projectors and promoters of this magnificent monument, namely, the Grand Duke Alexander of Weimar the ex-king Louis of Bavaria, and the German people followed, and was succeeded by one to the master of the foundry, the fortunate caster of this stupendous work. It is confidently expected that the group will be placed on its pedestal at Weimar and laid open to the public view on the 3rd of September next, the finest monument to the poetic genius of its country, and the best specimen of its modern sculpture, which Germany now possesses.

Professor Edward Steine, one of the most celebrated of the modern German painters, and director of the Städel Museum in Frankfurt, has received the commission to paint the frescoes in the new museum which is being built in Cologne. These works of art are to be at the cost of Herr Richarz, who most generously presents them to his native town. Such an opportunity of immortalising his name seldom falls to the lot of an artist in our commercial, money-making days. The sketches which director Steine has already prepared for this grand undertaking have excited the admiration of those who have had the privilege of seeing them; as well for the grandness of their conception as from the number and beauty of the figures introduced. The building of the new museum is progressing rapidly, and the artist will soon be enabled to make a commencement of his labours.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

It is pleasant, and highly suggestive, to know that *Don Giovanni* was written in a vineyard. Mozart had been so delighted by the reception given to his *Figaro* by the music-loving public of Prague, that, in a burst of enthusiasm, he promised to write an opera expressly for his good friends the Bohemians. That opera was *Don Giovanni*. He went to Prague to write it, accepted an invitation from his friend Dussek, who lived in a vineyard in a romantic quarter at a short distance from the town; and the work was done in six weeks, although during the whole of that time the house was full of visitors, and Mozart was kept in a perpetual whirl of pleasure. Like Suckling and many other imaginative people who find enjoyment in a lusty exercise which does not interrupt their mental dreams, he was passionately fond of bowls. This game was constantly played in the grounds at Dussek's house; and it is related of Mozart that in the intervals when he was "out" he would pursue his work of composition amidst the clatter and hilarity of the company. The original score of the opera, written on scraps of different kinds of music paper, bears testimony to the fragmentary and hurried way in which it was written. But the crowning marvel was the overture. Mozart, it seems, had unbounded confidence, and, apparently, with great justice, in the powers of the Prague orchestra. Perhaps to this circumstance may be ascribed his neglect of the overture until the very last moment. The opera was got up with a rapidity which in our days would render unity of execution nearly impossible; but in Prague all went well, and was as perfect as if, instead of a week's rehearsal, the singers and players had had a month's practice. The parts had been given out as they were finished, Mozart completing the work afterwards. But up to the night before that appointed for the performance Mozart had done nothing towards the overture. There is even reason to suppose that he had for-

gotten all about it, for upon that day, instead of thinking of his opera, he had been composing a scena for Madame Dussek. There was a party at the cheerful country house in the vineyard; Mozart was in the highest spirits, enjoying himself with the gaiety of a school-boy, when somebody reminded him that his opera was to be played the next evening, and that he had not yet written the overture. He retired at midnight, made his wife sit up to make punch for him and keep him awake, and the overture was ready the next morning. All that depended upon him was accomplished; but the copyists had yet to do their work; and although the opera should have commenced at seven o'clock, it was a quarter to eight before the parts were distributed in the orchestra. Mozart himself conducted, and the extraordinary feat of playing at sight an overture, constructed with infinite skill, and full of variety, was performed so successfully as to awaken the enthusiasm of an anxious and critical audience. "The overture went off very well on the whole," Mozart is reported to have said to one of the musicians as soon as it was over, "although a good many notes certainly fell under the desks."

The visitor to Her Majesty's Theatre, who notes the elaborate preparation, the hum, and buzz, and emotional agitation of orchestra and conductor, by which the performance of this celebrated overture is nightly preceded, may look back with wonder upon the achievement of the Prague musicians in Mozart's own day—seventy years ago. That the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre might play with effect such an overture at sight is possible; but what composer of the present day would risk such an experiment? The advance we have made in instrumental power does not help us in this way. What is wanted to enable us to do greater things in music than we do, is that enthusiasm for the art itself which is paramount to personal ambition and individual vanity. In our modern concert age there is too much fashion and pretension, and too little art. Formerly the musician was absorbed in the music; now the music is, too often, absorbed in the musician. Yet, in spite of all this, music, as it concerns the masses in this country, has made prodigious strides, and whoever has heard the overture to *Don Giovanni* played at Her Majesty's Theatre will have reason to be content with the care which is bestowed upon such works when, as in this instance, they are really got up with a desire to do honour to them.

There are one or two features of special excellence in this revival of Mozart. The scenery is costly, and, which is much better, strikingly illustrative of the country and the times. It assists the imagination materially, and gives more completeness to the dramatic *ensemble* than has probably ever been attained before in this great work. Some airs, usually dropped out, have been restored to the opera. If we add to this the passionate zeal of an orchestra conscious of the inspiration of the great master, and the general excellence of the acting, including, indeed, with scarcely a marked exception, the whole cast, we shall have indicated the chief merits of the representation. There being at the present moment another *Don Giovanni* in another house, and obvious comparisons and rivalries being unavoidably suggested by it, difference of opinion will arise as to the relative merits of the singers. But we do not see any necessity for drawing such contrasts. We are here in the Haymarket, and have no notion whatever of spoiling our enjoyment by thinking of what they are doing in the Lyceum.

The *Zerlina* of Piccolomini is full of impulse, freshness, and youthful vivacity. Her 'Batti, batti,' was quite exquisite of its kind; and notwithstanding that profound homage to Mozart's genius, which makes some people say that this rendering of 'Batti, batti,' is too light and thoughtless, and that it lacks the devotion of the true artist, we are much inclined to suspect that Mozart would have relished it as keenly as the excited audiences who hail it rapturously night after night. There is no one quality in Mozart so prominent, or so distinctive, as his youthfulness. He is always young; and the singer who brings out this quality in the

right place, may be said to interpret him successfully. The *Donna Anna* of Mdlle. Spezia is an excellent conception, effectively filled up; and credit is due to Mdlle. Ortolani, whose organ, thin but pure, is put to a severe test in the rôle of *Elvira*, for the artistic skill with which she manages her voice. The *Leporello* could not have been confided to more competent hands than those of Belletti. He is a master in that 'line of business,' and although he seldom throws any new light upon such parts, he is always quick, intelligent, and lively, and is sure to execute his music like an accomplished musician. Giuglini sang the melodies of *Don Ottavio* very sweetly. The performances are not equal throughout, but the air 'Della sua pace,' a restored gem, was given with the most touching expression and delicate finish. We should do injustice to Signor Beneventano, if we did not say that he rendered the music of *Don Giovanni* very efficiently; indeed he presented the part, so far as the mere singing, as admirably as the most fastidious critics could desire. But we cannot say so much for the acting; and as much of the dramatic life of the opera depends upon the art with which the character of the libertine, the vital spring of the action, is sustained, the failure in this respect was conspicuous. The concerted pieces were given with mastery power. The grand chorus, 'Viva la Libertà,' produced, as it well deserved, repeated outbursts of applause. We cannot dismiss the subject without congratulating all opera-goers upon this revival of Mozart. It is something to have made our escape for an interval from Verdi; but it is still more to find enthroned in his place the greatest drama composer the world has ever produced.

The Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace has been disappointing in a strictly musical point of view, but grand and gratifying beyond expression, in its splendid result as the commemoration of the genius of the great choral composer. Anything so imposing as the spectacle of nearly 3000 performers, marshalled before an audience of eleven thousand, beneath a crystal roof, in the presence of the Queen and Court, all endeavouring either with voice or instrument to give effect in unison to the grand choral compositions of Handel, has never before been presented to the sight; but, except to those placed in the centre of this vast area, the sounds were less acceptable to the ear than with a smaller company in Exeter Hall. By a very large portion of the audience the solos were heard with only occasional distinctness, and the treble voices penetrating space beyond the bass grated shrill upon the more distant ear. The admirably organized sounds of so colossal a harmonium could not all be magnified in equal proportions. The most impressive ceremony in this unique concentration of musical utterances was the singing of the Old Hundredth Psalm, and of the National Anthem. Simplicity of tone, rather than that produced by a complicity of chords, is the kind of harmony most favourable to acoustic development in an enclosed area of such vast proportions as the Crystal Palace.

Mr. Hullah brought his season of subscription concerts to a close last Wednesday evening, at St. Martin's Hall, with a performance of Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion* (the English version of the words by Mr. Bartholomew) and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. The vocalists were Mdlle. Maria de Villar, Miss Palmer, Miss Banks, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Sims Reeves, the chorus consisting of members of Mr. Hullah's First Upper Singing School. Mendelssohn's sacred cantata, composed for a choral festival at Liege, has some grand passages, especially the chorus of praise, 'There with saints and angels blending,' and the quartet and chorus near the conclusion, which was repeated at the earnest demand of the audience, though Mr. Hullah is generally firm in resisting these appeals. The *Stabat Mater* is so often now heard, that it only remains to notice the performance of Mdlle. de Villar, a new singer from the German court concerts of the Prince of Hohenzollern. This lady, who has a clear and well-cultivated mezzo-soprano voice, better in the lower than the upper notes, and managed

with good skill and taste, took the place of Miss Banks in the latter part of the evening. The quartet, 'Sancta Mater,' for soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass, was splendidly given; Miss Palmer has advanced greatly, and is one of the first true contralto singers of the time. Mr. Sims Reeves sang the tenor solo, 'Cujus animagemmentem,' in his best manner. The chorus was sometimes a little at fault, but it would not be easy to find so large a number of efficient and well-trained voices without professional strength to sustain the harmony. One point not of little consequence to the comfort of the educated part of the audience we noted, the occasional contrariety of mode in pronouncing the Latin. Generally the pronunciation is good and uniform, after the method in use on the Continent and in the Romish church, though not in English schools and college halls, but in the solos some words were given as if modern Italian, not Latin.

Not fewer than three new operas have been produced within the space of a few nights at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris. One is called *Les Comédiens*, is in one act, and is by M. Montoury; the second is called *Duel du Commandeur*, also in one act, and is by M. Lajerte; and the third, which is entitled *Les Nuits d'Espagne*, and is in two acts, is by M. Semet. The three pieces are not got up with much care, and have not made any sensation; but as the first productions of three young composers who are endeavouring to make themselves a reputation, they deserve mention.

#### IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.

THE funeral of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold took place on Monday last at Norwood Cemetery, and was attended by a large concourse of gentlemen connected with literature, art, and the stage. Amongst those who were present may be mentioned Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P., Mr. Thackeray, Sir Charles Eastlake, Mr. Dickens, Sir Joseph Paxton, Mr. Robert Bell, Mr. Ward, Mr. Frank Stone, Mr. Charles Landseer, Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. Benjamin Webster, Mr. Buckstone, &c. Seldom has so marked and honourable a tribute of respect and regard been paid to the memory of a man of letters. The emotion which touched the heart of the crowd that gathered round the grave was a silent answer to the charge of bitterness so often brought against Douglas Jerrold. The only bitterness he left behind him was the bitterness of grief for his loss. We lament to hear that it has been found necessary to make some efforts to ensure a provision for his family; and with that view a committee of friends have arranged a series of entertainments, to take place during the present and the ensuing month. This movement reflects the highest credit upon the gentlemen who have undertaken it, and is a most gratifying evidence of that kindness of spirit and true sympathy which should connect in a common bond of union all literary men. We understand that there is some ground for hoping that a pension will be granted to Mrs. Jerrold. The following is the programme of the entertainments to which we have alluded.

#### Committee.

John Blackwood, Esq.	Sir E. B. Lytton, Bart., M.P.
Shirley Brooks, Esq.	William C. Macready, Esq.
John B. Buckstone, Esq.	Sir Joseph Paxton, M.P.
Peter Cunningham, Esq.	William H. Russell, Esq.
Charles Dickens, Esq.	Albert Smith, Esq.
John Forster, Esq.	Clarkson Stanfield, Esq., B.A.
Charles Knight, Esq.	William M. Thackeray, Esq.
John Leech, Esq.	Benjamin Webster, Esq.
Mark Lemon, Esq.	W. Henry Wills, Esq.

Honorary Secretary—Arthur Smith, Esq.

Office at the Gallery of Illustration, Regent Street, Waterloo Place.

THE Committee, in remembrance of their deceased friend, beg to announce the following occasions:—

On Saturday Evening, June 27th, a Concert will take place in St. Martin's Hall, at which Madame Novello, Mr. and Mrs. T. German Reed, Miss Louisa Vinning, Herr Ernst, Mr. Albert Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Mr. F. Robson, Sig-



nor Bottesini, Mr. Osborne, Miss Mary Keeley, Miss Dolby, and Mr. Sims Reeves, will assist. Conductors, M. Benedict, Mr. Frank Mori, and Mr. Francesco Benedic. To commence at eight precisely. Prices of admission: Stalls, Five Shillings; Body of the Hall, Centre Gallery, and Orchestra, each Two Shillings; Back Seats and Side Galleries, each One Shilling.

On Tuesday Evening, June 30th, Mr. Charles Dickens will read his 'Christmas Carol,' in St. Martin's Hall. The reading will commence at eight precisely, and will last two hours. Prices of Admission: Stalls, Five Shillings; Body of the Hall and the Centre Gallery, each Two Shillings; Back Seats and Side Galleries, each One Shilling.

On Tuesday Evening, July 7th, Mr. W. H. Russell will deliver his 'Personal Narrative of the late Crimean War,' in St. Martin's Hall. To commence at eight precisely, and last two hours. Prices of Admission: Stalls, Five Shillings; Body of the Hall and the Centre Gallery, each Two Shillings; Back Seats and Side Galleries, each One Shilling.

On Saturday evening, July 11th, will be represented, at the Gallery of Illustration, Regent-street, Mr. Wilkie Collins's new romantic drama in three acts, *The Frozen Deep*, performed by the amateur company of ladies and gentlemen who originally represented it in private. With the original scenery by Mr. Stanfield, R.A., and Mr. Telbin, and the original music, under the direction of Mr. Francesco Berger. The whole under the management of Mr. Charles Dickens. To conclude with a Farce. Prices of Admission—Stalls, One Guinea. Area, Ten Shillings. Amphitheatre, Five Shillings.

On Wednesday evening, July 15th, will be represented, at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold's comedy, in three acts, *The Housekeeper*. To conclude with the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold's drama, *The Prisoner of War*. Represented by Miss Reynolds, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Howe, Mr. Chippendale, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Mr. W. Farren, Mr. Rogers, Miss M. Ternan, Mr. Compton, Miss M. Oliver, Mr. Benjamin Webster, and the Company of the theatre. Prices of Admission—Stalls, Ten Shillings and Sixpence. The rest of the house as usual, except the Private Boxes, which may be had at the Committee's Office, or at Mr. Sams's Library, St. James's-street.

On Wednesday Evening, July 22nd, Mr. W. M. Thackeray will deliver a Lecture on 'Week-Day Preachers,' in St. Martin's Hall. To commence at eight precisely, and last one hour and a half. Prices of Admission: Stalls, Five Shillings; Body of the Hall and the Centre Gallery, each Two Shillings; Back Seats and Side Galleries, each One Shilling.

On Wednesday Evening, July 29th, will be represented at the Theatre Royal, Adelphi, the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold's drama, in three acts, *The Rent Day*. To conclude with the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold's drama, *Black-Eyed Susan*. Represented by Mr. T. P. Cooke (who returns to the stage for one night, for the purpose), Madame Celeste, Mr. Benjamin Webster, Miss Wyndham, Mr. Wright, Miss Mary Keeley, Mr. Buckstone, Miss M. Oliver, Mr. Paul Bedford, Mrs. Chatterley, Mr. Billington, Miss Arden, and the Company of the Theatre. Prices of Admission: Stalls, Ten Shillings and Sixpence. The rest of the house as usual, except the Private Boxes, which may be had at the Committee's office, or at Mr. Sams's Library, St. James's-street.

On and after Tuesday, June 23rd, Tickets for any or all of these occasions will be on sale at the Committee's Office, at the Gallery of Illustration, Regent-street, every day between the hours of 12 and 4.

The German papers announce the death of Count Hahn-Neuhaus, a most celebrated character in his day. He was the father of the well-known Ida, Countess of Hahn-Hahn, and had devoted the whole of his life and a very large fortune to the stage. In his early life he built on his estate a beautiful theatre, which he fitted up in the most costly

manner, and for which he provided a regular company of actors, maintained at his own expense. Most of the celebrated actors of the day made occasional appearances on his stage: his passion, however, cost him dearly, and one estate after another had to be sold to defray his lavish expenditure. He died at Altona, at the advanced age of seventy-eight, in very needy circumstances. He had lately been obliged to work for his bread, and—the "ruling passion strong in death"—conducted, as paid director, a provincial theatre up to his last moments.

The *Camma* of Madame Ristori is another dramatic triumph, as grand in its intense passion as the *Medea* or *Rosmunda*, and bringing out some features of character and action not displayed in any of the parts in which she has yet appeared. It is from an old legend related by Plutarch that the Count Giuseppe Montanelli has taken the plot of this tragedy. *Camma* is the priestess of Corivena, the Gaulish Diana, and the wife of *Sinoro*, chief of a Galatian or Gallo-Grecian tribe. *Sinoro*, another chief, had become passionately enamoured of her, and secretly assassinated *Sinoro*, in hope of afterwards marrying his widow. At first, *Camma* is overwhelmed with grief, and meditates self-destruction, but determines to live only that she may avenge the death of her husband. The murderer cannot be discovered, but circumstances conspire to make her suspect *Sinoro*. In order to be convinced of the terrible secret, she resolves to feign satisfaction at his addresses, and listens with apparent pleasure, but with internal disgust, to his wild declarations of love. At length, when on the point of yielding to his solicitations, yet still repelling his advances, she explains her hesitancy by saying, that there is some unknown person, to whom, if he could be found, she must yield her heart, even he who had slain her husband. Unsurpassed must that love be which could commit such a crime in order to gain her heart. The intensity of the affection had, in her eyes, covered the guilt of the action. Upon this *Sinoro* confesses that it was his hand that dealt the fatal blow. By a tremendous effort she still feigns satisfaction, promising then to become the wife of *Sinoro*, but inwardly resolving that her revenge should be accomplished. Concealing in her own heart the knowledge she had obtained, and her secret purpose, she sends for *Sinoro* to attend the nuptial rites in the temple of Corivena. Many were rejoiced at the prospect of her union with the new chief, who was friendly with the Romans; but others, and especially *Dionara*, the sister of *Sinoro*, and *Talese*, a patriotic bard, treated her with scorn for being faithless to the memory of her husband, and to the traditions of the independence of her race. This sorest trial of all she bears with noble dignity, though her heart is bursting to tell all to *Talese* and *Dionara*. Too late they will understand all her fidelity and her courage. At the altar the betrothed had to drink part of the libation offered to the goddess. The poisoned cup sends *Sinoro* to his place of doom, and translates *Camma* to the presence of her still loved *Sinoro*. Such is the story and the character which Madame Ristori represents with thrilling power. In the first act *Camma*'s zeal for the independence of her country, her scorn for the traitors who favoured the Romans, her friendship to the patriotic bard *Talese*, her affection for *Dionara*, her love and respect for her husband, are successively brought out; and when the terrible tidings of the assassination are gradually broken to her, the anxiety, agitation, and despair, as she thinks of him in danger, or exile, and then knows that he is dead, are represented with wonderful power. At the close of the act, *Sinoro* appears amidst the acclamations of the people, who hail him as their chief. *Camma* instinctively feels that he is the murderer. To *Talese*, who says that she trembles, her reply is, "Non vacillo, io fremo"—words which recall the words of the venerable Bailly on the scaffold, and by them probably suggested. The curtain falls as she declares to *Talese* that *Sinoro* is the assassin. In the second act, the grand soliloquy when she tells her resolution not to meet her husband again until she has avenged

his death, and the wild passion heroically repressed during her interviews with *Sinoro*, are wonderful dramatic displays. At the close, when she agrees to become the wife of *Sinoro*, she seizes the hand held out to her, with the stifled ejaculation "Mia preda affero,"—an expression hidden from her victim, but terribly suggestive to the spectators of her acting. The majesty of her bearing at the altar in the last act—the workings of the scarce suppressed tumult of feeling before *Talese* and *Dionara*—the burst of indignation over the dying *Sinoro*, and the rapture of joy at the prospect of now rejoining her lost *Sinoro*, crown the dramatic triumph, which exceeds all that Madame Ristori has before achieved. The other parts are well sustained, and the attention is rivetted by the evolution of the plot, which is severely simple in its structure and development. Nor must we omit to speak with praise of the high literary merit of the tragedy. In the translation of Legouvé's *Medea*, Montanelli displayed a genius and skill of rare excellence, and this original work is throughout marked by energetic thought and graceful diction. It is a work which will live in Italian literature, though it may be vain to hope for another to personate the heroine of the play in the manner in which it is done by Ristori.

#### LEARNED SOCIETIES.

GEOLOGICAL.—May 20th.—Col. Portlock, R.E., President, in the chair. Lieut. H. Thurburn, of the 42nd Madras Infantry, and James Salter, M.B., F.L.S., were elected Fellows. Dr. H. B. Geinitz, Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in the University of Dresden, was elected a Foreign Member. The following communications were read:—1. 'Description of a small Lophodont Mammal (*Pliolophus vulpiceps*, Owen) from the London clay, near Harwich,' by Prof. Owen, F.R.S., F.G.S., &c. The subject of this paper was a considerable portion of the skeleton of a small quadruped, about the size of a fox, imbedded in, and apparently the nucleus of, one of the septarian nodules of the London clay, which are dredged up at the mouth of the Thames for the purpose of the manufacture of Roman cement. From this nodule were extricated the skull, with the entire series of teeth in both jaws, the right humerus, portions of the pelvis, right femur, left femur, left tibia, and the three metatarsals of a hind foot. Many portions of ribs and vertebrae remain imbedded in the hard matrix. The septarian nodule containing the above parts was transmitted to the author by the Rev. Richard Bull, M.A., Vicar of Harwich, by whose permission the bones were extricated, described, and figured for the present communication. The length of the skull is 4 in., its extreme breadth, in 2 lines, the height of the cranium opposite the first premaxillary tooth 9 lines. Its shape and characteristics determine the hooved nature of this species, and its affinities to the Perissodactyla, or the order of Ungulata, with toes in odd number. The orbit, 9 lines in vertical diameter, is smaller than in the *Hyrcotherium*, and is not situated so low down as in that animal, the *Palaotherium*, and the *Tapir*. The dentition accords with the type of the diphodont *Mammalia*, viz.  $\frac{3-3}{3-3}$ ,  $\frac{1-1}{1-1}$ ,  $\frac{4-4}{4-4}$ ,  $\frac{3-3}{3-3}$  = 44. The characters of these teeth were described. The canines are small in both jaws: they are separated by a vacant space from the outer incisors, and by a longer interval from the first premolars. These form a continuous series with the remaining teeth in the upper jaw, but are separated by a space of about half their breadth from the second premolar in the lower jaw. The succeeding teeth increase in size to the penultimate molar in the upper, and to the last molar in the lower jaw, which tooth has a third lobe. In his comparisons of the modifications of the grinding surface of the teeth, the author remarked that the generic or family type of the Lophodont upper molars is to have the outer wall developed into two cones, from each of which is continued an oblique ridge, which expands into, or joins, a smaller and lower cone on the

inner side of the crown. In *Pachynolophus*, a sub-genus of Lophiodonts founded by M. Pomel, on a species of the size of the *Platylophus* from the calcaire grossier of Passy near Paris, the oblique ridges are lower at their commencement, and more partially expanded in their course inward, than in *Lophiodon* proper. In *Platylophus* the partial expansion is more circumscribed, and forms a small intermediate tubercle, except on the ridge at the hinder half of the last upper molar. In the lower jaw of *Pachynolophus* the first premolar, according to the description and figure given by M. Gervais (Paléontologie Française, 4to, pl. 17, figs. 1 & 2), is not developed, and the canine is separated from the molar series by a diastema of twice the length of that in *Platylophus*. This latter genus, therefore, is more nearly allied, in respect of the number and position of its teeth, to *Lophiodon* proper; but it differs from all previously known Lophiodonts in the modification of the grinding surface of the molars of the lower jaw. This surface in *Lophiodon*, *Pachynolophus*, *Lophiotherium*, *Tapirus*, and *Coryphodon* presents two transverse ridges connected by a diagonal ridge; whereas each transverse ridge in *Platylophus* is divided into a distinct cone, the anterior pair on the second true molar being separated by an intermediate small cone, thus affording, as in the *Stereognathus*, an instance of three cones on the same transverse line in a lower molar tooth. In the last true molar the anterior pair of cones are united by a low and short transverse bar—the rudiment of the middle tubercle in the preceding tooth. In *Coryphodon* the sinking of the middle of each transverse ridge seems a step towards the more complete bifurcation of the ridge in *Platylophus*. The mandible and lower molar teeth of the *Hyracotherium* are unknown; but, in regard to the upper molars, *Platylophus* approaches *Hyracotherium* in the characters by which it deviates from other Lophiodonts. The differences in the dentition, and in the part of the skull of the *Hyracotherium* which can be compared, between that genus and *Platylophus*, were pointed out in detail; but the degree of resemblance is such as to lead the author to adopt the idea, first broached by the late Mr. W. H. Turner, that *Hyracotherium* is more nearly or essentially allied to *Lophiodon* than to *Cheropotamus*. The third trochanter on the femur of *Platylophus*, and the association of three metatarsals in one portion of the matrix, as if belonging to the same hind foot, confirm the essentially perissodactyle affinities of that genus as shown by the skull and teeth. *Platylophus* and *Hyracotherium* form, in the author's opinion, a well-marked section in the Lophiodont family, which seems to have preceded the Palæotherian family in the order of appearance, and to have retained more of the general ungulate type than that family. This is shown by the gradation of the tapiroid modification of the molar teeth into one more nearly resembling that of the *Anthracoheria* and *Cheropotami*; by the absence of the postero-internal cone on the ultimate premolar, by which all the premolars are, as in Artiodactyles, less complex than the true molars; by the form and position of the nasal bones and the structure of the external nostril. In regard to the evidence of "closer adherence to type" shown by the dentition of *Platylophus* and other ancient mammals, the author concluded by remarking that the dental formula of the Oligocene genera *Thylacotherium*, *Spalacotherium*, and *Triconodon* accords, by the unusual number of small and similarly shaped molars, with a less specialized type than that of the Diphyodont Mammalia, which he terms the more general vertebrate type, and exemplifies that which is shown by Reptiles, Fishes, Cetacea, and certain Armadillos: if the *Plagiulax* of the Purbeck beds departs from this type in the reduction of its true molars to two, it singularly manifests its closer adherence to the type-dentition of its order by having its peculiarly shaped premolars in the typical number three; whereas the only existing marsupial genus with premolars of such a shape, viz., *Hypsigrymus*, Illig., has those teeth reduced to one in each molar series. The exception offered by the *Plagiulax* is like

that of *Protiles* amongst the *Canidae*, in which wild species of dog the true molars are reduced to one in each series. But this exception does not invalidate the generalization from the dentition in the rest of the dog and wolf-family, any more than *Plagiulax* affects the general expression of the facts presented by the dentition of the great majority of the known eocene mammalia, of which the author in conclusion cited thirty-seven genera which exhibited the typical diphyodont dentition; some of these genera being strictly carnivorous, some herbivorous, and others omnivorous. 2. 'On some Remains of Terrestrial Plants in the Old Red Sandstone of Caithness.' By J. W. Salter, Esq., F.G.S. An extensive series of plant-remains from the Devonian series of the North of Scotland have been made by Messrs. J. Miller and R. Dick of Thurso, by Mr. Peach of Wick, and by Dr. Hamilton in Orkney; and a comprehensive series having been submitted to the Director-General of the Geological Survey, Mr. Salter offered the present communication to incite botanists to a more critical examination of this old flora. The fossils occur in a dark-grey flag-stone, which is often marked with impressions of Annelide-burrows in pairs. Most of the specimens consist of glossy black coal-like matter, either in large compressed stem-like fragments, sometimes 3 feet long and 4 inches broad; or in equally long, but narrower, curved, and occasionally branched forms, which the author regards with some doubt as roots. The stem-like specimens are delicately fluted, but not traversed by joints; and their microscopic structure is similar to that of coniferous wood, especially of the *Araucaria*. The bituminous substance of these plant-remains is obliquely and closely cleaved, the fissures being often filled up with siliceous matter. In form these fossils resemble some specimens (*Aporoxylon*) from the Upper Devonian rocks of Thuringia, discovered by Richter, and lately figured and described by Unger. There are also some smaller, tapering, and branched specimens, which appear to be branchlets of the same trees as have afforded the stems and roots above noticed; and some still smaller branched specimens, bearing occasional tubercles on the branchlets, are regarded by the author as the smaller roots of these trees, and representing the tubercular rootlets of many of the existing Coniferae. A new species of *Lycopodium* (*L. Milleri*) is also described; and some specimens of *Lepidodendron* were referred with hesitation to Unger's *L. nothum* (Transact. Vienna Acad. 1856). The strata from which these plants were obtained form part of the Middle Old Red group of Sedgwick and Murchison, and of the Lower Old Red of Hugh Miller. *Dipterus*, *Diplopterus*, and *Asterolepis* are the prevailing genera of fish that accompany the plants.

SYEO-EGYPTIAN.—June 9th.—John Lee, Esq., LL.D., in the chair.—1. Mr. Sharpe described some of the principal Egyptian monuments in the British Museum, mentioning their date, their material, their style of art, and what may be learned from them as to the mythology of the Egyptians, and also as to the changes in their religious opinions as shown by the intentional alterations which they had undergone. He mentioned the four-sided altar of Thothmose III., made in honour of Amun-ra, which was afterward, adapted to the god Mandoo-ra. This change he supposed had been made after Thebes had fallen, and the sovereignty of the country had passed into the hands of the Kings of Lower Egypt. The plaster cast from the great obelisk at Karnak, as Mr. Bonomi points out, betrays the same, and also a second change; there we see the name and ornaments of Amun-ra cut in, on the very spot from which they had before been cut out. This second change Mr. Sharpe thought had been made under the Ptolemies. Two highly polished and beautifully carved slabs of basalt he thought belonged to the little temple mentioned by Herodotus at Sais, which measured in its three directions, thirty feet, twenty-one feet, and twelve feet; this, Herodotus was told, was cut out of one

single enormous block of stone. But this was probably a mistake; perhaps the priest meant to tell him that each part was a single block of stone. These two slabs were two of the intercolumnar walls of this diminutive temple. The forepart of the colossal foot of white marble sent from Alexandria by Mr. Harris, Mr. Sharpe considered was once part of the statue of Serapis, which was destroyed by the Christians in the reign of Theodosius. The statue was built of wood, clothed with drapery down to the ground, and had a golden face, and this half of a marble foot probably peeped from under its robe. The four lesser gods of the dead, to whom the Canobic jars were dedicated, had names which he translated the Bleeder, the Carpenter, the Painter, and the Digger. These gods watched over those parts of the art of mummy-making, and their jars held those parts of the body which had to be removed before the mummy was made. Of the tombs brought from the neighbourhood of the pyramids, Mr. Sharpe argued that the style of art, together with the small false doors, disproved the opinion of Bunsen and Lepsius, that they were made under the so-called fourth dynasty. He thought that King Mesaphra, whose name they bore, was the same person as Thothmose II. 2. Mr. Bonomi then read a paper on the 'Identification of certain Figures on the Walls of the Palace of Sennacherib, at Khorsabad, with some of the Officers of that Sovereign mentioned in Scripture.' He began by describing the shape of the mound on which the palace was built, and the extent of the square inclosure contiguous to it, which he held to be the Paradisus, or pleasure-grounds attached to that royal abode. He then led us to the gate, which gave access to the mound or platform of the palace, and showed us a drawing of the colossal figure standing between two human-headed winged bulls, which, for certain specified reasons, he identified as a figure of Nimrod. We were then conducted into the courts of the Palace, and shown the figures, Rabshakeh, Rabshara, and Tartan, all which figures he described as the full-length portraits, in the Assyrian style, of the persons holding those offices in the reign of Sennacherib, and probably the very individuals whom that king sent to Jerusalem in the fourteenth year of the reign of Hezekiah. He also identified the person of a "magician," and of a "ruler of a province," of which officers we read in the second and third chapters of Daniel; and, lastly, remarked that these images of the Chaldeans or magicians were really "portrayed with verminion," as described in the twenty-third chapter of Ezekiel. 3. Mr. C. G. Harle exhibited a colossal facsimile drawing of an Assyrian slab in the British Museum, known by the description, "a four-winged figure with thunderbolts chasing a demon," and which he pointed out corresponded with Berossus's description of Belus—the Bel and Basal of the Bible.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Monday.**—Chronological Institute, 7 p.m.—(Herr J. V. Gumbach of Heidelberg, on the Epoch of the Reign of Menes; and the Rev. Benjamin Mardon, M.A., Chronological Notices on Strauss' Chapter relating to the Birth of Jesus Christ.)  
Geographical, 8 p.m.—(1. A Description of Vancouver Island, by Lieut.-Col. W. C. Grant. 2. Extracts from the Proceedings of the North Australian Expedition. 3. Report of the Expedition for the Exploration of the Newa River and its tributaries, Na Vite Levie, Fiji Islands, by Dr. John D. Macdonald, R.N.)  
South Kensington Museum, 10 a.m.—(Private View.)  
**Tuesday.**—Society of Arts, 11 a.m.—(Distribution of Prizes.) 4 p.m.—(One Hundred and Third Anniversary Dinner, at the Crystal Palace.)  
Medical and Chirurgical, 8 p.m.  
Zoological, 9 p.m.  
**Wednesday.**—Society of Arts, 10 a.m.—(Conference of Representatives of Institutions in Union.) 4 p.m.—(Annual General Meeting.)  
R. S. of Literature, 8 p.m.  
**Thursday.**—Numismatic, 7 p.m.—(Anniversary.)  
Royal Society Club, 6 p.m.—(Anniversary.)  
**Friday.**—United Service Institution, 3 p.m.—(Lieut.-Col. Dixon, R.A., on the Rifle and its Probable Influence on Modern Warfare.)  
**Saturday.**—Botanic, 4 p.m.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—J. K. and T. C. N. declined already. The public can have no possible interest in a squabble between author and publisher arising out of family differences. W. K. Fitz P., too late for this week. T. W. J. C.; M.; T. P. P.; L. L.—received.



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